

The Critic

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Authors at Home. XXII.*

MR. HOWELLS IN BEACON STREET, BOSTON.

IF ANY ONE wants to live in a city, I do not see how he can well find a pleasanter street than Beacon Street, in Boston. Its older houses come down Beacon Hill, past the Common and the Public Garden, in single file, like quaint Continentals on parade who, being few, have to make the most of themselves. Then it forms in double file again and goes on a long way, out towards the distant Brookline hills, which close in the view. Howells's number is 302. In this Back Bay district of made ground, the favored West End of the newer city, you cannot help wondering how it is that all about you is in so much better taste than in New York, so much handsomer, neater, more home-like and engaging than our fast-becoming-shabby Fifth Avenue. Beacon Street is a stately street; so is Marlborough Street, that runs next parallel to it; and even more so is Commonwealth Avenue—with its lines of trees down the centre, like a Paris boulevard—next beyond it. The eye traverses a long fret-work of good architectural design, and there is no feature to jar upon the feeling of quiet elegance and respectability. The houses seem like those of people in some prosperous foreign towns, like newer Liverpool, Düsseldorf or Louvain. The comfortable horizontal line prevails. There are green front doors, and red; and brass knockers. A common pattern of approach is a step or two outside, and a few more within the vestibule. That abomination, the ladder-like 'high stoop' of New York, seems unknown.

These are the scenes amid which Mr. Howells takes his walks abroad. From his front windows he may see the upper-class types about which he has written—the Boston girl, always 'with something of the nice young fellow about her,' the Chance Acquaintance, with his eye-glass, the thin, elderly, patrician Coreys, the blooming, philanthropic Miss Kingsbury. The fictitious Silas Lapham built in this same quarter the mansion with which he was to consolidate his social aspirations. Perhaps some may have thought it was identical with that of Howells, so close are the sites, and so feelingly does the author speak—as if from personal experience—of the dealings with the architect, and the like. But Howells's abode does not savor of the architect, nor the mansion. It is a builder's house, though even the builder, in Boston, does not rid himself of the general tradition of comfort and solidity. Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes lives in a house but little different, two doors above. That of Howells is plain and wide, of red brick, three stories and mansard,

and has an iron balcony running along under the parlor windows. Its chief adornment is a vine of Japanese ivy, which climbs half the entire height of the façade. The singular thing about this vine is, that it is not planted in his own ground, but in that of his neighbor on each side. It charmingly drapes his wall, while growing but thinly on theirs, and forms a clear case of 'natural selection' which might almost render its proper owners discontented enough to cut it down. The leaves, as I saw them, touched by the autumn, glowed with a crimson like sumac. The house is approached by steps of easy grade. There is a little reception-room at the left of the hall, and the dining-room is on the same floor. You mount a flight of stairs, and come to the library and study, at the back, and the parlor in front.

Vlan! as the French cry—what a flood of light in this study! The shades of the three wide windows are drawn up to the very top; it is like being at the seaside; there are no owl habits about a writer who can stand this. It is, in fact, the seaside, so why should it not seem like it? The bold waters of the Back Bay, a wide basin of the Charles River, dash up to the very verge of the small dooryard, in which the clothes hang out to dry. It looks as if they might some day take a notion to come in and call on the cook in the kitchen, or even lift up the whole establishment bodily, and land it on some new Ararat. This stretch of water is thought to resemble the canal of the Guidecca, at Venice; Henry James, with others, has certified the view as Venetian. You take the Cambridge gas-works for Palladio's domes, and Bunker Hill monument, which is really more like a shot-tower, for a campanile; and then, at sunset, when the distant buildings are black upon the glowing, ruddy sky, the analogy is not so very remote. All the buildings on this new-made land are set upon piles, and the tides, in a measure, flow under them twice a day. It was a serious question at the beginning, whether there should not be canals instead of streets; but, considering that the canals would be frozen up a large part of the year, the verdict was against them. I am rather sorry for this; it would have been interesting to see what kind of gondoliers the Boston cabmen and horse-car drivers would have made. Would they have worn uniforms? Would they have sung, to avoid collisions, in rounding the corners of Exeter and Fairfield streets; and what would their plaintive ballads have been? It would have been interesting, too, to see the congregation of Phillips Brooks's church—the much-vaunted Trinity—going to service by water, and the visitors to the Art Museum, and the students of the Institute of Technology. All these things are but a stone's-throw from Howells. His son, a boy of eighteen, goes to the Institute of Technology every day, and will soon enter the École des Beaux Arts, at Paris, and become an architect. Howells may congratulate himself on a greater solidity for his share of the land than most, for fifty years ago, when there were tide-mills in this neighborhood, it was the site of a toll-house. *Terra firma*, all about him, has an antiquity of but from twelve to twenty years. His house is perhaps a dozen years old, and he has occupied it but two.

Ste.-Beuve, the most felicitous and entertaining of critics, wishes to know the man in order to understand his work. I hardly think the demand a fair one; there ought to be consistency enough in every piece of work to make it stand for itself; and its maker too ought to have the right to be judged at the highest level, which the work probably represents, rather than through the medium of his personal situation, which is often mean or even ridiculous. Nevertheless, if it be desirable, I know of no one more capable of standing the test than William Dean Howells. Perhaps I may incline to a certain friendly bias—though even a little extreme in this may be pardoned; for surely no one is more carped at than he in many quarters; but he impresses me as one who corresponds to the ideal of how greatness ought to look and act. He not only is, but appears, really great. In the personal conduct of his life, too, he confirms what is

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best in his books. Thus, there are no obscurities to be cleared up; no stories of egotism, selfishness or greed towards his contemporaries; there is nothing to be passed over in discreet silence. He has an open and generous nature, the most polished, unassuming manners, and an impressive presence, which is yet deprived of anything formidable by a rare geniality. In looks, he is about the middle height, rather square built, and has a fine, Napoleonic head, which seems capable of containing anything. Few with his opportunities have done more, or been quicker to recognize original merit, though unknown, and struggling aspiration. There is no trace in him of uneasiness at the success of others, of envy towards any rivals—though, indeed, it would be hard to say, from the very beginning of his career, where any rivals in his own peculiar *genre* were to be found. Such a largeness of view is surely one of the indications of true genius, a part of the serene calm with which it is content to wait for its own recognition, and forbear any push or artifice to hasten it.

To write of Howells 'at home' is to write particularly of Howells. There is a great deal of the homely and the home-keeping feeling in his books, which has had to do with making him the chosen novelist of the intelligent masses. To one who knows this and who knows anything of his personal habits, it would not seem the most likely place to look for him in courts or camps, in lively clubs, at dinners, on the rostrums, or in any of the noisier assemblages of men—nor even in his journeyings; for in those charming books, the 'Venetian Life' and 'Florentine Mosaics,' he is a saunterer and gentle satirist, but without the fire and fury of the genuine traveller. All these things he adorns, no one more so, on the proper time and occasion, but one would seek him most naturally in the quiet of his domestic circle. And even there the most proper place seems yonder desk, where the work awaits him over which but now his thoughtful brow was bending. He is a novelist for the genuine love of it, and not in any way of arrogance or parade, nor even for its rewards, substantial though they are. One would say that the greatest of all pleasures for him would be to follow, as he does, through all their ramifications, the problems of life and character he sets himself to study. In our latest talk he said incidentally:—'Supposing there were a fire in the street, the people in the houses would run out in terror or amazement. All finer shades of character would be lost; they would be, for the nonce, alike in the common animal impulse. No; to truly study character, you must study men in the lesser and ordinary circumstances of their lives; then it is displayed untrammelled.'

This may almost serve as a brief statement of his theory in literature, which has been the cause, of late, of such heated discussion in two hemispheres. And if a man is to be judged by the circumstances of his daily life, surely it is no more than fair to apply the method to its advocate himself. There is nothing cobwebby, no dust of antiquity, nor mediævalism, in this study and library; it is almost as modern in effect as Silas Lapham's famous warehouse of mineral paints. Howells has 'let the dead past bury its dead;' he is intensely concerned with the present and the future. The strong light from the windows shows in the cases only a random series of books in ephemeral-looking bindings. There are Baedeker's guides, dictionaries, pamphlets, and current fiction. The only semblance of 'collection' in which he indulges is the literature of foreign languages, which also he uses as his tools. He has done us lately the great service to introduce to us some of the masterpieces of modern Italian and Spanish fiction, in his Editor's Study in *Harper's Magazine*, and he has long been preparing, and has now nearly ready for publication, a series of papers on the modern Italian poets. He cares nothing for bindings, or rarities of the bibliopole's art. The only feeling he is heard to express towards books, as such, is that he does not like to see them abused, even the humblest of

them. In the same way, we find in his house no amount of blue china or Chippendale, no trace of the bric-à-brac collector's enthusiasm, of which we had occasion to speak very differently apropos of the home of Aldrich. In his parlor we find tables and chairs, perfectly proper and comfortable, but drawing no attention to themselves. On the walls there are some few specimens of old painting, from Florence, a pleasing photograph or two, an original water-color by Fortuny, which has a little history, and an engraving after Alma Tadema, presented by the painter to the author. These are a concession to the fine arts, and not an overmastering by them; and it seems proper to connect this indication with the strong moral purpose of his books, his resolute refusal to postpone the essential and earnest in conduct to the soft and decorative, and his proposing, at times, as the over-worldly will have it, of ideals that seem impracticable and almost fantastic.

Yet I am speaking too much, perhaps, of this latest home, occupied as yet for so brief a time, as if it were the only one in which he had ever dwelt. We may go back for a brief review. Howells was born in Ohio in 1837. He was the son of a country editor, and saw many hardships in those days. But there was influence enough extant to have him appointed Consul to Venice under Lincoln. He married, while still Consul, a lady of a prominent Vermont family. The newspapers will have it from time to time that Mrs. Howells has been a great critic and assistant in his works. I shall only say of this, that she is of an agreeable intelligence and animation that seem fully capable of it. On returning to this country he took up his residence for a while in New York, and brightened the columns of *The Nation* with some of its earliest literary contributions. He had for some time written poems, and thus attracted the attention of Lowell, who was editor of *The Atlantic*. He became Mr. Fields's assistant in 1866, when the latter assumed the editorship, and in 1872 succeeded to the chief place, in which he continued till 1881, when he resigned it to Aldrich. During this time of editorship, he lived mainly at Cambridge, first in a small house of his own, in Sacramento Street, and, later, for some years, in one in Concord Avenue, which he built and still owns. This was a pleasant, serviceable cottage, a good place to work in, but with nothing particularly striking about it. It was there I first saw him, having brought him, with due fear and awe, my first novel, 'Detmold.' But how little reason for fear there really was! Nobody was ever more courteous, unaffected and reassuring in manner than he. I remember that we took a short walk afterwards, making a part of my way homeward, and he pretended, as we neared Harvard College, that it would not be safe for me to entertain any opinion, differing from his own, on the mooted question of the heavy roof of the new Memorial Hall, then just finishing, since the fate of my manuscript hung trembling in his dictatorial hands!

From Cambridge he removed to the pretty suburb of Belmont, some five miles out of Boston, where a house was built for him by Mr. Charles Fairchild, on the estate of the latter. This house, called Red Top, from its red roof and the red timothy grass in the neighborhood (President Cleveland, by the way, has taken the same title for his new country-seat near Washington), was described and pictured some years ago in *Harper's*, in Mr. Lathrop's article on Literary and Social Boston. As I recollect it, from a single visit, this was the most elaborate of his several abodes. There had been carried out many of the luxurious decorative features so essential to the modern ideal. He had a study done in pine, painted white in the colonial taste, and square entrance hall with benches and fireplace; but I fancy, even here, he enjoyed most the wide view from his windows, and his walks in the hilly country. It is the eye of the imagination rather than of the body that with him most seeks gratification. He lived on the hillside at Belmont four years. His moving away from there about coincides with his giving

up the editing of *The Atlantic*. He went abroad with his family, remained a year, and then returned to Boston. It will be seen that he has not shown much more than the usual American fixity of residence, and perhaps we need not despair of his finally coming to New York, to which many of his later interests would seem to call him.

With his retirement from the burden of editing begins, as many think, a new and larger period in his literary work. I am not here to touch upon his original theories of literary art, or even to interpret the much-talked-of *not* on Dickens and Thackeray. As to the latter, I know that so magnanimous and appreciative a nature as his could never have really intended to cast a slur upon exalted merit. He has an intense delight in human life, as it is lived, and not as represented by historians or antiquarians, or colored by conventional or academic tradition of any kind. He is still so young a man and so powerful a genius, that it may be a yet grander period is opening before him. For my own part, I shall never quite get over the liking for something of the 'Robinson Crusoe' touch, the 'once upon a time,' the poem, in the fiction I read, and I shall continue to like best his stories, like 'The Undiscovered Country,' in which the feeling of romance—together with all the reality—most prevails. However this may be, I cannot always repress a certain impatience that there should be any who fail to see his extraordinary ability; it seems to me it can be only because there is some veil before their eyes, because they have not taken the right point of view. Whether we like it best of all fiction or not, where are we to find another who does it with such power? Where, if we deny him the first place—though we zealously look up defects, and take issue with him on a dozen minor points—are we to find another so original and creative a writer?

But I am to speak of him in the personal way. He writes only in the morning, conscientiously and with painstaking. After that he devotes himself to his family, to whom he is greatly attached, and of whom he is justly proud. Besides the son before mentioned, there is a daughter, now at the age of young ladyhood, who inclines somewhat to the literary taste; and another, a sweet-faced little maid, already known to fame through the publication of a series of her remarkable, naïve, childish drawings, in the volume entitled 'A Little Girl Among the Old Masters.' The children have the artistic impulse very strongly developed. In conversation Howells is not a voluble talker; he does not aspire to shine; there is little that is Macaulayish, few *jours de force*. On the other hand, he has what some one has described as the dangerous trait of being an excellent listener. It might be said of him, as it was of Mme. Récamier, that he listens with *sédution*. He is not bent upon displaying his own resources, but upon penetrating the mind and heart before him. Perhaps this is the natural receptive mood of the deep student of character. And then, it is so gracefully done, with such a sympathy and respect, that when, afterwards, you come to reflect that you have been talking a great deal too much for your own good, there comes, with the flush, the reassuring fancy that, after all, perhaps you have done it very well. His own conversation, I should say, is marked by sincerity of statement and earnestness of speculation, and at the same time brightened by a perpetual play of humor. His humor warms like a gentle sunshine, and we all know how steely cold may be the brilliancy of mere wit. He is a humorist, I sometimes think, before almost everything else. He takes to the humorists (even those of the broader kind) with a kindred feeling. Both Mark Twain and Warner have been friends of his. He wanted to know Stockton and Gilbert, before he had met them. And in this connection, I may close with one of the slighter *bons mots* of Gilbert. On his first visit to this country in company with his collaborator, Sullivan, he asked me something about the works of Howells. In reply, I mentioned several, among them 'Their Wedding Journey'—'a book,' I said, 'which every young couple puts into their baggage

when starting off on the tour.' 'Sullivan and I are not a very young couple,' returned Gilbert, 'but I think we'll have to put into our baggage too.'

WILLIAM HENRY BISHOP.

Munkacsy and his American Pupils.

IN THE AUTUMN of 1879, several young American artists were in the habit of meeting daily at Gagnard's, a restaurant in the Rue du Bac, near the Boulevard Montparnasse, Paris. Hither also, in their hours of idleness, came a few celebrated French painters. Carolus Duran and Bouguereau were among them, and Bartholdi had his study across the street. Paul Baudry and Jean Paul Laurens worked not far away. It was in an upper room of the modest restaurant that this circle of enthusiastic Americans met after working-time to discuss questions bearing on the art knowledge which they had come to Paris to gain. There was, first, W. T. Dannat, who had studied in Munich. Then came Thomas W. Shields, who had been trained under Gérôme. C. Y. Turner, who had been painting in Holland, was a pupil of Jean Paul Laurens. C. D. Weldon and W. St. John Harper had but recently arrived in Paris, fresh from the training of the Art Students' League in this city.

It seemed to these young men, as they sat in post-prandial deliberation in the little room at Gagnard's, that what was most lacking, in the course of instruction they had marked out for themselves, was color. Paris offered them the greatest masters in the world for draughtmanship, but when it came to color there was no one among the French painters whom they cared to accept as a guide. Suddenly they bethought themselves of the Hungarian painter, Mihali Munkacsy. Here was a man who, as a colorist, stood head and shoulders above the crowd. If they could only get him for a teacher! But he had never taken pupils, and had signified his intention of never taking them. These young painters were Americans, however, and possessed the national quality of enterprise. American independence and eclecticism were shown, too, in their ignoring all the great French painters as colorists, and selecting as their master an alien and a Hungarian, because their art sympathies happened to be with him. The American art conscience is a finer thing than some persons are willing to admit.

Mr. Dannat and Mr. Shields were appointed a committee to wait upon Munkacsy, at his studio in the Avenue des Villiers, and ask him to receive themselves and their friends as pupils. It was a delicate task, and the deputation of two was obliged to bring all the tact and diplomacy it possessed to bear upon the great colorist. At first he refused to have anything to do with them. He declared he did not want pupils; he did not believe in a painter who wished to produce great work hampering himself with pupils; and so on. The deputies still pleaded their cause, and finally he relented so far as to ask what these young Americans could do, and where they had studied. Their artistic pedigree having been given him, Munkacsy said: 'Very well, gentlemen, if you know how to draw and paint and will work in separate studios in this neighborhood, I will instruct you as you go on.' Upon being shown some work by the young Americans, Munkacsy's reserve and hesitancy entirely disappeared, and he said cordially: 'Gentlemen, I accept you as my pupils with pleasure.'

It was hardly possible to fulfil the original condition of a separate studio for each man, but a large *atelier* was hired in the Avenue de Villiers. It was in the house of the man who engraved Doré's most noted drawings, and the *concierge* was a famous male model. Meissonier, Detaille and De Neuville all had their studios in the neighborhood. The young men in a body abandoned the Latin Quarter, the fleshpots of Gagnard's, and the delights of the Boul. Mich., and moved their worldly goods over to the aristocratic art-quarter in which their new master lived. Munkacsy had said, 'Make your studio beautiful;' and the artists, knowing

their future master's love for sumptuous decoration, cast their personal studio properties into the decorative scheme of the common *atelier*. Munkacsy began his career as a teacher with enthusiasm: he visited the studio every day, and sometimes twice a day. With his own hands he helped to arrange the still-life groups; and he was much pleased with the pictorial combinations invented by the young artists. The memories of that time of pupilage with the famous painter still hang on the walls of the New York studios of his disciples, in the shape of still-life studies in which palms and brasses and rich carpets—one of them being from Munkacsy's own studio—are grouped with the fine feeling for composition of color and line that the great Hungarian shows in his own work. At night, the artists painted from the nude. The class was increased by the addition of a few English students and a German named Oude, who has since made his mark in Paris with religious subjects. Some of the members of the orthodox and rival *ateliers* were inclined to jeer at the American radicals of the Munkacsy studio. The cry of 'Bitumen!' was raised against them, as against their master. 'Bitumen by all means, bitumen forever!' retorted the followers of the Hungarian colorist. 'We even eat it on our bread!' The Munkacsy school lasted for one year. In the meantime several of the artists had returned to America, but Mr. Shields and Mr. Dannat still remained and were regularly visited by their instructor. He was then painting 'Christ before Pilate,' and as his absorption in this great work increased, he gave less and less time to his pupils, so that at last the class was disbanded and the *atelier* closed. Munkacsy's influence on his little band of American pupils was great, and through them it has spread over the country.

And now he is here among us, and his pupils are welcoming him to American soil. In an interview which I had with him at his hotel the other day, Mons. Munkacsy expressed himself in a hopeful manner about American art, although he said that all he knew of it was what he had seen in Paris, as he had been only two days in the United States. He spoke with kindly remembrance of his American pupils, and confirmed the report that Mr. Shields had placed his studio at his disposal. He had not decided whether he would do any work here or not, but thought it possible he might paint some portraits. Questioned as to his opinions on European art matters, he made some remarks, which, valuable in themselves, were particularly so as coming from an acknowledged master of technique. No one can deny Munkacsy's right to be classed among the great technicians of modern art. And when an accomplished technician says as Munkacsy said to me, that he regards technique only as a beginning, as a mere preparation of the painter for the execution of works of art, it is well to ponder his words carefully. Too many modern painters are satisfied with technique for technique's sake. The younger and stronger side of American art is, unfortunately, inclined to ignore the fundamental truths on which Munkacsy's success is founded. His American pupils learned more from him than color. They gained, or developed, the pictorial sense. They are all men who paint pictures, and not 'fragments,' or 'bits,' or 'studies.'

Mons. Munkacsy is a tall, distinguished-looking man, with an erect bearing and a manner characterized by simplicity and dignity, and the *savoir-faire* of the best Paris life. His hair and beard are almost white. He has kind grey eyes, and a soft, mellow voice, with the ring of sincerity in it. Prince-painters are few in modern art, even at Paris, but Munkacsy is one of them. To find a parallel for his romantic career, we must go back to that golden age when Titian left his mountain home at Cadore to make himself a king of art among the Venetian *lagunes*. No literary realist, no artistic impressionist could have demanded a finer contrast than was presented by this chivalric type of Hungarian and painter, with the background of unchastened upholstery peculiar to the American hotel parlor

against which it was posed. When I entered the room in which Mons. Munkacsy sat at a desk, with piles of letters before him, I saw a large dog stretched out near the wall. I fancied it an Hungarian bloodhound of the breed affected by Munich artists and students, and I thought how kind it was of him to have brought his faithful dog to America for the benefit of the sea voyage. In the course of our conversation I was about to ask him his dog's name, and as a dog lover descant upon the bloodhound's charms, when I suddenly discovered that it was one of those stoneware effigies evolved from the great American ceramic idea! I dare say Mons. Munkacsy's nerves were as much irritated by the presence of this example of American decorative *trompe-l'oeil* as were my own. I saw the painter again in the afternoon, at the private view of his great picture of 'Christ before Pilate.' The auditorium of the hall was darkened, and a brilliant reflector concentrated an artificial light on the immense canvas. Munkacsy's *chic* head and stately figure stood out in relief against the rich and mellow background formed by the painting, as he talked with his Hungarian friends.

'Christ before Pilate' is one of the few pictures of the time that may be called great. A great painting, like a great prophet, appeals to futurity. It is not a devotional picture, but it is full of the religion of humanity. It has color worthy of Titian, and characterization worthy of Tintoretto. The Orientalism of Venice is in it. From beginning to end it suggests Venetian art in its ripest days. This is not an effect of imitation or even of influence, for Mons. Munkacsy has not, as far as is known, studied or lived at Venice. It is rather a question of race and temperament. The Orientalism and the *fougue* of the Hungarians are affiliated with the same qualities in the old Venetians. The materialism of the method as applied to Scriptural subjects recalls the old Venetians—humanity first, revealed religion afterwards. There is, too, a touch of higher artistic conventionalism in it, and of the generalization that sacrifices lesser truths to greater, which belongs to Venetian art. The modern feeling which pervades the picture and makes the Jerusalem populace and Pilate's counsellors contemporary human beings, is concentrated in the figure of Christ. Here we have not the supernatural and mystical Christ, the lord of heaven to whom a temporary self-sacrifice was easy. This was the primitive artistic idea of the Saviour, and thus the early masters depicted him. The modern incarnation of the Christian idea is rather that of self-sacrifice without hope of reward—self-sacrifice for the good of humanity, altruism, humanitarianism, socialism in its higher form—the apotheosis of manhood. This is what is expressed in the fatalistic type of face that Munkacsy has chosen to give to his Christ. The suggestiveness is heightened by the concealment of part of the face.

It is difficult to recall any modern picture which presents as fine an example of composition in color, line and mass. The old classic idea of the pyramid is manifested in many forms, and yet nowhere is there the slightest trace of academic stiffness. The feeling of a living impression dominates all sense of technical arrangement. The color scheme is simple white, dark red and a greenish blue forming the fundamental masses. The action of the figures is profoundly felt. The technique alone would make this picture a masterpiece. One of these strong and expressive heads, one of the many splendid bits of accessory, one of the robust figures, instinct with vitality, would be enough to make a painter's reputation as reputations go in these days. But Munkacsy's art is on a higher plane than that of the mere technician, and like the masters of old he paints for all humanity and all time.

CHARLOTTE ADAMS.

HENRY M. STANLEY, the distinguished explorer, journalist and author, will deliver his first lecture at Chickering Hall on Monday evening next, taking 'Through the Dark Continent' as his text. In the afternoon Mr. Stanley will attend a reception to be given in his honor by Mrs. Vincenzo Botta and Mrs. A. B. Stone.

Women in the Board of Education.

IT is a singular commentary on our boasted modern civilization, that the appointment by the Mayor of this city of two women to serve as members of its Board of Education, while welcomed and applauded by a large body of the most highly cultured of our citizens, should, by a still larger number, possibly by a great majority, be regarded as an act of questionable wisdom. This case affords a happy illustration of the exceeding slowness with which the race shakes itself free from the shackles of traditional prejudice. For what else is it, what else can it be but prejudice, which would deny to woman the opportunity to be useful in the discharge of a function for which she is so peculiarly fitted as the superintendence of the early education of the young.

The place allotted to woman in the social system has been gradually rising since the dawn of civilization. During the period of barbarism she was a slave. In the stage of semi-civilization she became a toy. In the bright light of the Nineteenth Century she is advanced to a position of seeming dignity, and treated to a great show of consideration and deference. Notwithstanding this, however, she is still denied any voice in shaping the laws by which she is to be governed, or any share in directing the affairs or guarding the interests of the municipality, the community or the state. We are so inconsistent as to speak of her in the language of the highest compliment, habitually calling her the better half of the race, while our practice betrays the utter meaninglessness of this profession. For why, if she is better than her brother, should she not be placed where her better qualities can be made effective for good.

It will perhaps be said that, in the concession that she is better, it is meant only that she is ethically and not intellectually better. This is begging the question; but if it were true, we may ask if the very character of this superiority does not peculiarly fit her to have care of the elementary education of children. Nature has herself provided that the dawning mind of every human being shall be guided and directed by the mother's care. Why should not this guidance be continued when the period of infancy is past? As a matter of fact, it is, to a large extent, so continued, since the great majority of the teachers in our primary schools are women; and this suggests one of the strongest reasons why the selection and direction of these teachers should be in the hands of women also. This most estimable body of teachers, who exercise so powerful an influence in developing the intellects and forming the early characters of the great mass of the children growing up in our city, have need of the encouragement they can derive from superiors capable of sympathizing with them, and of entering into their feelings. From such sympathy their own usefulness and their interest in their work cannot but be greatly increased; but they will never think of looking for it from the male members of a supervisory board.

Moreover, it would seem desirable not only that there should be *some* women in this Board of Overseers, but that the number of them should be equal to that of the men; for it is very certain that, in the educational profession as well as in every other industrial occupation, women have not at present a fair and equal chance. The value of work to an employer depends upon the character of the work itself, and not upon the hand that performs it. Yet for the very same kind of labor, indistinguishable in the product whether done by men or by women, it is universally taken for granted throughout the industrial world, that the woman shall be paid at a rate very far inferior to that awarded to men. This is another of the remnants of the traditional injustice to which woman has been subjected ever since she carried the pack of her savage master in his wanderings through the primeval forests. When woman shall have an equal voice in dispensing the rewards of labor, this inequality will disappear; and there is no field of effort in which it ought sooner to disappear than in the work of education. Therefore it is

that there ought not merely to be some female members in the Board of Education of this city, but enough members to see that this wrong is righted; and hence we most fervently hope that our future chief magistrates will follow the commendable example of our worthy retiring Mayor, until the sexes shall be impartially represented in our governing educational Board.

"Love in Harness."

IF THE promise of its first act had been fulfilled, the production of 'Love in Harness' at Daly's Theatre the other night would have been one of the most interesting and important events of the dramatic season. The framework of the story devised by the author, Albin Valabregue, provides the rarest opportunities for true comedy, and the foundation is laid with so much truthfulness and dexterity, that the most pleasureable anticipations are excited with regard to the superstructure to be raised upon it. Unfortunately the skill of the playwright is not quite equal to the completion of his design, and amid all the gratification conferred by his work as a whole there remains some sense of disappointment—not because he has not done well, but because he might have done so much better. The great merit of the piece lies in the fact that it has a serious intent, although its prime mission is amusement. In most of the so-called comedies of the day, laughter is the only end aimed at, without the least scruple concerning the means employed. Probability, possibility, the truth of nature, the requirements of art, are matters which receive no consideration, and the stage is degraded to the level of the circus.

'Love in Harness,' light and even frivolous as it sometimes is, is a veritable study from the life; it deals with actual men and women, and enforces a social lesson with a satirical touch in which there is no trace of malevolence. The proposition that much of the domestic unhappiness with which modern society is afflicted is due to a false system of education, will scarcely be disputed. Mr. and Mrs. Joblots are an old couple whose wedded life has been an idyll. Each has striven only to please the other, and the prosperity of their later days has but added zest to the happiness of their youth. In their unselfishness they find their greatest delight in gratifying every wish of their three daughters, and those young ladies soon learn to respect no will but their own. Two of them are married, and in the first act return to the parental home, having quarrelled continuously with their husbands upon the absurdest pretences. In the one case the young wife declares that she will live no longer with her husband; in the other the husband declares that he will live no longer with his wife. This situation is developed by the author with delightful humor and truth. The characters of the different members of the disunited family are sketched with admirable insight and dexterity, and the wayward follies of the young folk, who are all amiable enough in their way, are contrasted most clearly with the sterling worth of the older pair, who essay in vain the parts of peacemakers. The scenes are essentially comic, but have a vein of genuine pathos; the dialogue is uncommonly bright; and the construction is as compact as possible, leading naturally to a most effective and artistic climax.

The whole of this act was brilliantly successful. The succeeding acts are devoted to the process of reconciliation. The scheme by which this is effected is ingenious and founded upon a keen appreciation of human nature, but the means adopted, although they excite much merriment and never permit the interest of the audience to flag, belong rather to farce than comedy, and distinctly lower the standard of the play. It is not necessary, therefore, to dwell upon them. That the piece will enjoy a long run is certain. Even if it were less meritorious than it is, the acting would ensure its success. Miss Ada Rehan and Miss Dreher are exactly fitted for the parts of the married daughters, and

Mr. Drew and Mr. Lewis are admirable as the young husbands. Mr. Fisher and Mrs. Gilbert, as the old parents, are perfect in the first act, and are only less attractive afterward because they are made to figure in less dignified positions. Mr. Otis Skinner and Miss Lillian Hadley are efficient representatives of two young lovers, who become involved in the complications of their elders, and Mr. Gilbert makes the most of an eccentric valet. Miss Jean Gordon furnishes a clever sketch of a French maid. The harmonious co-operation of this company is always delightful. The only discordant note in the performance is uttered by Miss St. Quentin, who needs judicious repression.

Recent Musical Events.

IN popular interest the return of Mme. Patti overshadowed all the other musical occurrences of an interesting week in concert-rooms and opera-houses. Mme. Patti brought with her Mme. Scalchi, Signor Galassi and Signor Novara—relics of the last brilliant Italian Opera season enjoyed by New York, and favorites all with a large portion of the public. Such shining satellites would have dimmed the comparative lustre of any other central luminary, but in this case they only served to heighten the brilliancy of the occasion, and whet the appreciation of the public for the world's greatest vocalist. Two concerts were given in the Academy of Music, the first on Thursday evening, Nov. 18, the second on Saturday afternoon, and both were attended by audiences the like of which, in point of numbers, this historic house had not seen for many a day. We will spare our readers an account of how Patti sang. If there are any who have not heard her, they owe it to their education in music to make good the loss at the earliest opportunity. Descriptions cannot convey a conception of the sensuous beauty of her voice, nor can analysis bring to any apprehension an adequate idea of how much finer her art is than that of the most brilliant of her rivals. Criticism, in the restricted sense in which the term is generally used, can only be directed, even at this late day in Mme. Patti's career, against a few mannerisms which must seem amiable to any but an ascetic, and is disarmed unless one measures her by the standard set by herself in earlier days, and compares what she did then with what she omits to do now. In nothing is her greatness as an artist better illustrated than in her perfect adjustment of capacity to performance.

At the German Opera, on Wednesday the 17th, Herr Niemann impersonated John of Leyden in 'The Prophet.' The rôle was exceedingly trying to his voice, and his impersonation fell short considerably, in its musical elements, of reasonable expectation; but it strengthened his hold on popular admiration as an actor. He began with complete composure and presented a striking picture of the growth of a tragic character, in which the struggle between noble and ignoble impulses was vividly portrayed, and the final catastrophe presented with absolutely lurid force. The representation, all things considered, and in spite of the musical shortcomings of its central figure, was the finest that the German singers have presented, being made so by the unusual brilliancy of Fräulein Lehman's singing and the thrilling acting of Herr Niemann and Fräulein Brandt. The fact that the three Anabaptists, who from time immemorial have been licensed to indulge in cacophony, for once sang in tune is so remarkable that it deserves mention even in so brief a review as this. On Friday night two novelties were produced—a short comic opera entitled 'Das Goldene Kreutz,' by Ignaz Brüll, and a *ballet d'action*, in three acts, entitled 'Vienna Waltzes.' It is not without significance that whereas the occupancy of the boxes indicated an interest in ballet, the audience in the dress-circle, balcony and family-circle was much less numerous than usual. The fact shows how much the public-spirited generosity of the stock-holders in maintaining grand opera on really grand lines is contributing to the pleasure of the serious music-lovers of small means

in the city, who do not care for the delights of the eye alone. The ballet has for its groundwork an exposition of the growth of the dance during the last century, and is ingeniously contrived to this end. It has been opulently dressed by the Metropolitan management, but failed of the full measure of effectiveness of which it is capable because of too hasty representation. 'Das Goldene Kreutz' is a tuneful little opera, with a romantic story based on the French *vaudeville* 'Le Croix d'Or,' which was popular fifty years ago at the Porte St. Martin in Paris. It is not adapted for representation in so large a house as the Metropolitan.

Two other occurrences merit mention: the Oratorio Society, at its first concert, on Thursday evening, the 18th, performed Handel's 'Israel in Egypt'; and on Friday afternoon Mr. Van der Stucken gave his first symphonic *matinée*, at which Richard Hoffman and W. H. Sherwood played with delightful grace and finish a Concerto in C-major, for two pianos, by Bach.

The Greek Play.

THE Greek play was a hazardous enterprise. The actors were amateurs, and mere boys at that. Moreover, being strangers to the city, they lacked the personal interest and sympathy on which amateur theatricals largely depend for countenance. Then the play itself, unlike 'The Birds,' 'The Clouds' or 'The Frogs,' was of somewhat obscure fame. Nor is the college element in society conspicuously large or influential in this city. The committee of the Archæological Institute, too, who had the thing in charge, chose not to sell the tickets publicly, but by letter and private correspondence. Finally, the night proved to be an Opera night, contrary to expectation. Nevertheless, the Academy was filled to overflowing with an audience more brilliant and cultivated than has been got together for years. As an occasion it was a great and memorable success.

So was the play itself. A hundred things can be said against it, in general and in particular. A carping or unsympathetic critic might object that Aristophanes never would have known his own work in this disguise, that the words would have sounded as strange to him as the music, and that whatever the acting of the ancients may have been, it certainly was different from this. This of course. It might with more pertinence be objected that in this presentation too much had been sacrificed to the graces, or that the tone of the whole piece, as well as the bearing of the protagonist, was by far too serene and dignified; that, in fact, we had a high comedy performance instead of the low comedy of the original. If this is really so, then all we can say is, that the original lent itself easily to this interpretation. The chief actor was not indeed a comic but a serious person; but it was the seriousness not of tragedy but of satire, and his action and delivery were marked, it seemed to us, by a fine tone of mockery. All the same, and indeed all the more, the thing was charming—light, gay, animated and amusing. As a show it was delightful, and the audience, much to their surprise, found it interesting and intelligible, and gazed and listened through the two hours of the one long act without a symptom of weariness.

The fact is, that though in nine points out of ten any presentable reproduction of a Greek play must be utterly unlike, so that it may with perfect truth, if not with perfect justice, be called a travesty of the original, still the one point that is saved outweighs all the rest. Such is the indefeasible vitality of Greek work, that no accidents of rendering can obscure its quality. Make it as modern as you please, it is still more Greek than it is anything else, and delightful beyond measure. Greece is still, as she always has been, the light of the world, and whatever brings her nearer to us, in any guise, is of real service to our civilization; and nothing can serve so directly to make the Greek language and literature seem real and accessible as such an experience of both as a play affords.

"A Foregone Conclusion."

THE production of a dramatic version of Mr. Howells's 'Foregone Conclusion' at a matinée in the Madison Square Theatre was an interesting experiment which succeeded better than might have been expected. The story, as must be manifest to everybody who has read the book, or is familiar with the style of the author, which is chiefly remarkable for its analytical subtleties, does not lend itself readily to theatrical purposes. It is, in fact, essentially undramatic, in the ordinary sense of that word; and it is very doubtful whether its literary excellence, or the elaborate studies of character which it affords, could compensate, under ordinary theatrical conditions, for its lack of those qualities in which the art of the actor finds its chief opportunities. It happened, however, that the part of the priest, Ippolito, found an almost ideal representative in the person of Alexander Salvini, a young actor who seems to have inherited in some degree the genius of his illustrious father. It is no reflection upon the ability of Mr. Howells to say that the comparative success of the performance in question was due, almost entirely, to the remarkable work of this young player, who not only exhibited a thorough comprehension of his author's meaning, but imparted to the character of the priest an illusion and a charm which were distinctively his own. The effect wrought upon the audience by the refinement, the grace, the fervor and the pathos of his acting was extraordinary. Many of the spectators—those, too, of the sterner sex—were moved to tears, and the applause was of that heart-felt kind which is thoroughly unmistakable. Mrs. Phillips, Miss Burroughs, Mr. Masson and others contributed effectual support, and the charm of the dialogue was appreciated heartily and gratefully. But the honors of the occasion rested, indisputably, upon Salvini.

The Desire of the Star for the Moth.

I AM lonely—I call thee—misprising
The might of the heavens above:
On the wings of the whirlwind arising,
Oh, come to me, thou whom I love!
Would I scorch thee as earth-lights that beckon
From flowers and perfume and dew?
Come upward, thou dear one, and reckon
The old by the new.

The North Star shines cold in its splendor,
The comet in glory sweeps past:
They are splendid and strange and untender,
And heaven seems lonely and vast;
For I long with a passion supernal,
A yearning no spell can remove,
To clasp thee in rapture eternal,
O, thou whom I love!

Through the dark that presages the morning,
Ere dawn springs in joy from the sea,
Unheeding of silence or scorning,
My voice cries aloud unto thee.
In my heart will I hold thee, and never
Our love shall pass out from the sky,
Though the spheres, fixed and mighty forever,
Should crumble, should die.

J. K. WETHERILL.

The Lounger

ONE of the daily papers reported the presence in the Metropolitan Opera House, on the opening night of the German Opera season, of 'Miss Winifred Davis,' the so-called Daughter of the Confederacy. The young lady referred to is not named Winifred, though one would naturally take that to be the prænomen of which 'Winnie' is the diminutive. I had occasion, not long ago, to compliment Mrs. Cleveland in this column on the good taste and good sense shown in her protest against a child's being christened

'Frankie' in her honor; and I should like to be able to compliment Miss Davis's friends and chaperons on a similar jealousy in guarding the good name of their protégée. That name—Varina—which the young lady inherited from her mother, is a name beautiful in itself, and has the added charm of rarity. It is the name she signs to her letters, and by which she is formally addressed; and the use of the endearing diminutive 'Winnie' in its stead is a liberty which no one but a very intimate friend—or a writer for the daily press—would think of taking in addressing or alluding to her. We have had enough of Lizzies and Sallies and Tillies and Nellies and Maggies. Let us have a new reign of Elizabeths and Sarahs and Matildas and Ellens and Margarets. It were better to discard pet names altogether than permit them to be vulgarized by indiscriminate use.

GEORGE KENNAN, in an Open Letter in the November *Century*, relates that the late Prince Alexander Krapotkin, brother of the reputed Nihilist, Prince Krapotkin, was first arrested in 1858 for having in his possession a copy of Emerson's 'Self-Reliance.' Nearly twenty years later he was sent to Siberia on a vague, unsubstantiated charge of disloyalty, and kept there till he died. Mr. Kennan was 'perhaps the last West European or American' who saw him before he committed suicide, at Tomsk, a few months since. In Krapotkin's death, he declares, 'Russia loses an honest man, a cultivated scholar, a true patriot and a gallant gentleman.' He tells the story of the exile's career coolly and dispassionately; but I believe the recital will prove more effective than any book yet published in opening American eyes to the blundering inhumanity of the Russian police and penal system.

I HAVE frequented the Academy of Music for a good many years, but I don't remember ever having seen such an audience assembled within its walls as that which saw the curtain rise upon 'The Acharnians' at nine o'clock on Friday evening of last week. There have been others as large, or even larger, but in quality there has been nothing to compare with it. Most notable among the occupants of the open boxes was Mr. Lowell, who had come on from Boston with a party composed chiefly of ladies, and taken rooms at the Westminster Hotel, only two blocks from the Academy. In the adjoining box was Miss Ellen Mason, also of Boston, who has done such excellent missionary work with her cheap translations of Plato. Dr. Phillips Brooks sat in the dress-circle, down stairs. George William Curtis, Dr. Howard Crosby, John Jay and Joseph H. Choate occupied seats in the same row of boxes with Mr. Lowell. Horace Howard Furness was there from Philadelphia; and the professorial world of New York had many representatives, with President Barnard of Columbia at their head. It was to a Columbia man, Prof. William R. Ware, by the way, that the city was indebted for this introduction to Aristophanes.

BESIDES the scholars, too, there was a tremendous array of fashionables; and it was instructive to observe with what polite serenity they listened to dialogues, soliloquies and choruses which were Greek to them in both senses of the word. They looked as solemn at the humorous speeches of Dikaiopolis as the very grave young gentleman who played that part could have wished them to; and they laughed consumedly at the bits of horseplay that even the mother of arts and eloquence disdained not to be tickled by. Such was their politeness and amiability, that nothing but the impossibility of a response prevented their calling upon the author for a speech when the curtain fell. It was a great night and will be long remembered. The performance must have netted a pretty penny for the American School at Athens—the permanent directorship of which, I am delighted to see, is to be offered to Dr. Charles Waldstein, of this city, at present attached to Cambridge University.

'ALLOW me to express satisfaction and gratitude for your recent explosion of The Sioux City Literary and Historical Society,' writes a correspondent living in a town not far from Cleveland, O. 'Since the evil hour in which I reluctantly became an Honorable Member, I have lived in uncomfortable apprehension of the duties that may be annexed to this enviable position. What assurance had I but that any day might spring upon me an invitation to contribute to a symposium of the aforementioned elect Society? For instance, it might have been desired that, as occasional poet, I should saddle Pegasus for a ride through the thick and thin of some dubious aboriginal tradition anent the historic City of Sioux! I do assure you, that all sense of chagrin at having suffered imposition is swallowed up in the relief afforded by the result of your late investigation of this remarkable chimera bred in the 'Golden, remote, wild west.'

MR. R. H. STODDARD says some nice things in *The Mail and Express* about a little book of poetry published by Houghton Mifflin & Co. He professes to know nothing of the author, Margaret Deland. The tone in which he makes this statement leads me to suppose that he would be interested in obtaining a little information on the subject. I cannot tell him very much—only that she was formerly a resident of Pittsburgh, and that since her marriage she has lived in Boston. She is a granddaughter of Major Wm. Wade, well known in Pennsylvania. This little volume, 'The Old Garden,' of which only a limited number of copies is printed, is dedicated to her intimate friend, Miss Lucy Derby, a lady conspicuous in Boston philanthropic circles.

THE editor of the *Pittsburg Bulletin* would appear to be one of those persons who hold that the most dishonorable practices are fair in love, war and journalism; else would he never have had the audacity to advertise that the conclusion of Mr. Stockton's story, 'The Casting away of Mrs. Lecks,' would appear in an early number of that journal. In making this announcement, occasion is taken, ingeniously but disingenuously, to attack the author of 'The Casting Away.' The fact that Mr. Stockton had determined to write a sequel to this story and call it 'The Dusantes,' was first announced in this column, a month ago; and an attempt has been made by the *Bulletin* to trick its readers into the belief that the new story will appear in that journal. The story will, as I said in announcing it, be published in *The Century*—and it will be protected by copyright.

DR. MCCOSH would 'be sorry to debar the child from "Robinson Crusoe" or the "Pilgrim's Progress;"' he would 'not prevent anyone from becoming acquainted with the character of Effie Deans or of Uncle Tom;' but he is opposed to a riotous indulgence in novel-reading. His attitude toward this form of pleasure-getting is not that of a prohibitionist, but of a high-license man. He would let the victim of a passion for novels gratify his appetite now and then, but he would exact of him such a course of heavier reading as would effectually dampen his ardor in the perusal of fiction. 'For every novel devoured,' he advises in his recent work 'Psychology: The Cognitive powers,' 'let there be eaten and digested several books of history or of biography, several books of voyages and travels, several books of good theology, with at least a book or two of science or of philosophy.' 'Several books of good theology' as a necessary antidote to 'Henry Esmond,' or 'Adam Bede,' or 'David Copperfield,' or 'The Vicar of Wakefield,' or 'The Scarlet Letter,' or 'Ivanhoe,' or 'Lorna Doone,' or 'A Chance Acquaintance,' or 'The Portrait of a Lady,' is good. But who is to decide upon the quality of the theology? In theology, as in gastronomy, what is one man's meat is another man's poison.

The Fine Arts

Art Notes.

THE autumn exhibition of the National Academy of Design opened last Monday. It is decidedly inferior to last year's exhibition. In portraiture, the best work is shown by W. M. J. Rice, who has a startlingly bold and realistic full-length of a young man, and by J. Carroll Beckwith in his life-like and positively-handled portrait of Aaron J. Vanderpoel. Miss E. M. Bannister's male portrait and Eleanor Norcross's portrait of an old man reading are very creditable. There are a number of good small figure-subjects. Frank Russell Green's three open-air subjects are true and fresh, both as to figures and landscapes. Percy Moran's carefully painted interior, with a figure of a girl in old-time costume, called 'Autumn Flowers,' compares favorably with its stronger neighbor, C. Y. Turner's 'A Little Tea,' which also presents an interior with a young girl in a quaint costume, and is good in effect of light. George W. Maynard has a curious and not unpleasing decorative conceit called 'Among the Vines,' showing a modern bacchante in a blue Japanese gown among heavily-fruited grapevines. Gilbert Gaul's spirited American battle-subject, 'The Fight at the Ferry,' is composed in his best manner and is full of action. E. H. Blashfield's 'Pouting,' a classical subject, with a girl and a young man looking wistfully at each other, is beautifully painted and delicate in color. F. D. Millet's 'Tambourine Player,' a classical maiden, is well painted in the semi-academic manner. M. Angelo Woolf's 'Little Housekeeper,' a little girl paring apples, is a carefully painted bit of character. H. Siddons Mowbray's harem interior, 'The Last Favorite,' is a pretty bit of Orientalism, handled in a suggestive way. Irving R. Wiles's sketch of an interior 'The Morning Paper,' is good in light and in treatment of whites. Among marines, Winslow Homer's 'Lost on the Grand Banks'—two fishermen in a boat rising on a swell, with a dull fog settling

down—leads the van, with its bold, uncompromising ruggedness and truth. Albert Ryder's spectacular marine effect called 'Smugglers,' forms a worthy pendant to it. Walter L. Palmer's Venetian boats and canal subject does not sacrifice truth by its impressionistic color-emphasis. One of the best pictures in the exhibition is the large work by Emil Carlsen—a girl plucking fowls, with pans and pots about her. The figure is good enough, but the still-life is more than good. In landscape, Homer Martin's 'Old Manor of Criquebolet, Normandy,' and 'Mussel Gatherers Returning Home, Autumn Evening,' hold the spectator by their beauty of tone and subtle suggestiveness. A sketch of Central Park birch-trees, by A. M. Juelson, presents a true impression. Bruce Crane's 'A New England Study,' a wide street with green trees, is fresh in color. Edward Gay's large picture of a house standing at the edge of a marshy creek with a light sky behind it, Burr H. Nicholls's sunny roadside with geese, George H. Smillie's Massachusetts coast scene and George H. McCord's autumn subject are among the best of the landscapes. Wm. H. Lippincott has two pretty heads, and a portrait head by Hamilton Hamilton shows good handling. George DeF. Brush's 'The Silence Broken,' with an Indian paddling a canoe on a forest stream, looking up at a large white heron, appeals to the imagination by the admirable manner in which the impression of primeval stillness is given. Among pictures already sold at the exhibition are Henry R. Poore's 'Hounds,' Bruce Crane's 'New England Study,' Leon Moran's 'Idyll' and Arthur Parton's 'Morning Mists.' Forty-three pictures were sold on buyers' day for \$6,335 (catalogue prices).

—During his recent short stay in New York, James Gordon Bennett sat to J. W. Alexander for his portrait. Mr. Alexander ought to make a fine picture with so good a subject.

—One of ex-President Arthur's last acts was to choose Mr. St. Gaudens as the sculptor of a bust of himself, to be placed in one of the niches in the Senate Chamber reserved for busts of the Vice Presidents. The letter indicating his choice, and signed in autograph, was addressed to Mr. Clark, Architect of the Capitol, on Nov. 13th, five days before Gen. Arthur's death.

—The Century Club gave a reception to Mons. Munkacsy last Saturday evening, and on Monday evening he dined with his fellow-countrymen at Delmonico's. Mr. Joseph Pulitzer presided on the latter occasion, and many distinguished Americans were entertained by their Hungarian fellow-citizens.

—Klackner & Co. have published an engraving by Elbridge Kingsley, after a picture by J. F. Murphy.

—C. Y. Turner is etching a large plate of Rembrandt's head of a military gentleman in the Hermitage Gallery. The edition will be limited to 250 or 300 signed proofs.

—The exhibition of American pictures at the American Art Galleries will be opened on Tuesday. It is rumored that the Durand-Ruel exhibition of French pictures at these galleries, has been postponed or abandoned.

—Several works by Emile Renouf were exhibited at Reichard's on Saturday, the 20th. A portrait of a blonde Frenchman in a velvet coat seated at a table was effective as a whole, but was painted in a spotty fashion. The head was solidly rather than firmly modelled. The accessories of carpets, rugs, etc., were in small masses which made them slightly obtrusive; but the pose and action of the figure were admirable. A head of a peasant girl seen against a landscape was a very good piece of open-air flesh-painting. In the seashore subject, with the figures of an old man and a girl, the light and atmosphere were well rendered. The landscape shown had the same quality of light and color as is found in the seashore subjects by which the artist is better known. Mons. Renouf was entertained at dinner by the Renaissance Club last week.

—G. L. Feuardent & Co. have removed their gallery of ancient art from its old quarters at No. 30 Lafayette Place to No. 3 East 14th Street.

—The sale of the collection of Thomas Robinson at Moore's Gallery took place on Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday of last week. Among the prices paid the first night were \$760 for Troyon's 'Landscape and Cattle,' and \$200 for Courbet's 'Landscape near Omans.' The Corots brought from \$450 to \$70, according to merit. On the second evening \$1,275 was paid for his 'Coast of Normandy.' Rousseau's 'Village de la Brie' brought \$2,150; Fromentin's 'Caravansary, Constantinople,' \$1,100; Gericault's 'Stable-scene,' \$1,000; Dupré's 'Landscape,' \$3,700; and Troyon's 'Cattle Ploughing,' \$2,800. The highest price paid the third night was \$4,500 for a 'Sunset' by Rousseau. Daubigny's 'Twilight' brought \$3,100, and stable-interior, with cow, by Troyon, \$3,000. The sum total of the sales was \$87,664 for 232 lots.

Holiday Publications.

"Book of American Figure-Painters."

J. B. LIPPINCOTT CO. have followed up their success of last season with Will H. Low's 'Lamia' by publishing a big 'Book of American Figure-Painters'—that is to say, of reproductions of their most notable recent paintings, accompanied by verses selected with such excellent judgment that, in a few cases, when taken from living poets, they almost appear to have been written to order. An introduction provides a further excuse for publishing the plates in book form; but it remains sufficiently obvious that the proper way to bring them out would have been separately, or at most loosely laid together in a portfolio. Neither book-lovers nor picture-lovers care very much for books so big that they cannot be conveniently read or even glanced through. In the case of a set of illustrations to a simple work, there is better reason for binding them together, especially if the text be wrought into the designs; but it is always a mistake to retain the book form for a collection of unrelated pictures which one would naturally wish to look at separately, and to place at whatever angle and in whatever light might be best suited to each.

The pictures here brought together are by some forty artists, and, as might be expected, deal with all sorts of subjects and in every possible manner. Most of the originals have figured in recent exhibitions, and must be reasonably well-known to lovers of art. On this account, the plates will serve very well to give a notion of the progress of the actinic processes of engraving by which the reproductions have been made. This progress has been very considerable in a short space of time, especially as regards the reproduction of works painted with a full and strong palette, like La Farge's 'Sleep' and Dewing's 'Days' in the present volume. This result is in part due to the so-called orthochromatic process of preparing negatives, which preserves to each color its proper value as a shade in the dark and light of the photograph, and in part to the delicacy and care with which the engraving and printing have been done. With these aids, but few of the pictures selected have failed to give good plates, and these few rather because of something in the painter's handling than because of strength or delicacy of color. Of Alden Weir's 'Reverie,' for instance, only the ghost of an impression has been obtained; but, bearing in mind Weir's purposely broken and blended execution, nothing else could have been expected. On the other hand, many pictures in oils, like E. E. Simmons's 'Mother and Child' and Thomas Hovenden's 'The Harbor Bar is Moaning,' have been rendered with the delicacy of a fine mezzotint; and drawings in charcoal and in crayon by Wyatt Eaton and Elihu Vedder have been equally well reproduced. The pictures are, with few exceptions, worthy examples of their authors' work and of American art in general. They include 'The Tambourine Player,' by Wm. M. Chase; 'Dawn,' by Walter Shirlaw; 'Child and Kittens,' by Abbott H. Thayer; 'Autumn,' by Will H. Low; 'Embers,' by Eastman Johnson; 'Gossips,' by Carl Marr; 'Lost on the Grand Banks,' by Winslow Homer; and 'In Arcadia,' by Alexander Harrison. F. S. Church's 'Friends in Council' is out of place in such a collection, and much better examples of S. W. Van Schaick's ability as a draughtsman than his 'Dance of Death' are to be found in back numbers of *Life*. There is an Italian Renaissance design on the cover, adapted by Grant La Farge; George W. Maynard has taken an idea from Correggio for the lining of the cover; Augustus St. Gaudens supplies the title, and Francis Lathrop a lot of funny little antique masks with their eyes out, one of which is prefixed to each picture.

"Well-worn Roads of Spain, Holland and Italy."

BESIDES being an author and a painter, F. Hopkinson Smith is, or has been, a journalist. His latest book, a series of sketches of travel, published under the above title and in the most luxurious style by Houghton, Mifflin & Co., shows the true journalistic faculty for doing good work, and much of it, in trying circumstances. For most people, it is somewhat like squeezing a sucked orange to go through Holland, Spain and Italy in search of unappropriated material, whether for literary or artistic use. But Mr. Smith has succeeded in gathering, almost without effort, a great quantity of fresh and captivating sketches, droll stories and quaint observations upon manners and life as they actually are; which shows, perhaps, that the reporter's instinct is as strong in him as the artist's, and stronger than that of the *littérateur*. Indeed, he has found such an abundance of fresh matter and has taken so little pains to 'work it up,' that he sometimes tantalizes the reader by hinting in a few sentences at experiences which might fill as many chapters: as when he makes the aguadero of the Alhambra, in his morning gossip, tell in half a page of a lively transaction in bric-à-brac between a lucre-loving padre and an Englishman; of a

matador who had just been hurt in a bull-fight; of the actor from Madrid, who lived in one of the old red towers of the Alhambra and came every season with a new wife; and of the great Spaniard who dwelt in Paris and who had just arrived on his quinquennial visit to his olive-farm. The pictures are as crisp, as sparkling, as replete with incident as the text, and have, equally with it, the charm of unconventionality. Nothing can well be farther removed from the mannered sort of pen-and-ink work which is common in our magazine and book illustrations than the sketches which serve as head- and tail-pieces for the chapters, or are scattered through the pages of this volume. They are very clever, but they are free from affectation. Take, for examples, the bulging portfolio and litter of sketches at the head of the introduction, the fan and high-heeled slippers and mantilla on page 30, and the sketch of a Dordrecht breakfast table on page 38. Their effect is due to the vividness of the artist's impressions, and to the directness of the means employed in recording them. There are half a hundred of these interesting sketches, not one of which shows the least desire to please the jaded taste of that bugbear of illustrators, the art-editor. As for their subjects, they have been taken almost at random. A flask of Chianti, a Venetian mug with a rose in it, or the magnificent and far-reaching awnings of a market-place, when treated by this facile and independent pen, all have the same quality, which is like that of fruit plucked from the tree and eaten *al fresco*.

The full-page phototype illustrations having been done from water-color sketches cannot represent their originals as well as the smaller cuts do the pen-and-ink drawings. In several cases, one feels the lack not only of the colors but of the values that were in the original drawings. Still, in general enough has been retained to give a fair idea of these, allowance being made for the imperfections of the process. 'The Interior of San Pablo, Seville,' though a little heavy in the darks, 'The Heerengraacht, Amsterdam,' 'The Alcazaria, Seville,' 'Behind the Groote Kirk,' and 'Among the Market Boats' at Dordrecht, have fared passably well at the hands of photographer and printer, and make spirited and agreeable pictures in black and white. 'Near Neighbors in a Bavarian Town,' a study of overhanging roofs and gables nearly meeting across a dark and narrow stream, shows a closer approach to perfection of reproduction.

The make-up of the book has evidently been well considered, and displays a manly taste. Even in these days of pretty outsides, the cover is worthy of mention. It is in pale brownish cloth, the title in gold on a white ground, framed by a design in gold enclosing medallions with outline sketches of various objects more fully shown within. The paper on which the book is printed is heavy but not stiff, and has a smooth though not characterless surface. The type is perhaps a little small for the size of the page but is perfectly legible, and no fault whatever can be found with the printing. The reader will be sorry that there are not more of these well-worn roads to travel over (in fancy) this winter in company with the author, who has dedicated his book to the memory of his old friend and travelling companion (in fact), the late Arthur Quartley. The price of the book is \$15.

"Imagination in Landscape Painting."

IT IS a fascinating subject that Mr. Hamerton has chosen for the series of essays which have just been re-published from *The Portfolio*, by Roberts Bros., as a richly illustrated holiday book. It is, however, treated dryly and over-methodically, as the author is apt to treat any subject that requires a little abstract thinking. His perceptions may show better training, and his deductions may be safer than Ruskin's, but they are not as original, and they are not presented with anything like that grace of style which induces many, who do not at all believe in Mr. Ruskin's theories, to read and re-read his books. We are aware that Mr. Hamerton objects to the comparison, often made, between him and Ruskin; but it is inevitable, and it is Mr. Hamerton's fault that it is so. With his more balanced though less brilliant mind, and with the advantages of sound technical instruction which he has received, he should be able to combat successfully what is pernicious in Ruskin's influence, and in that of the later followers of 'the master,' who are even more disposed than he to take the will for the deed in matters of art. In neglecting to do this, Mr. Hamerton has shirked his duty and missed his opportunity. He has given a healthier tone to English art than it would have but for him, but he has not done as much as it lay in his power to do towards ridding it of affectation and insincerity, its besetting sins, nor to keep it up to a proper standard of technical achievement. The present volume does not add much to the useful work that he has done. Much of it is commonplace. The question, 'Is the landscape painter's imagination of a special kind?' debated in the opening chapter, is of the sort that might amuse the philosophers of the Lime Kiln Club.

Mr. Hamerton quotes with approbation from Ruskin, who once wrote a chapter on the distinction between Fancy and Imagination, a later opinion to the effect that the subject is jaded, the matter of it insignificant, and the settlement of it practically impossible; yet he goes refining upon what he calls the two senses of the word Imagination. The sense which he particularly strives to bring out, that in which the term means, or includes, the faculty of combining separate images so as to make an organic and lifelike whole, has been fully and clearly developed by Coleridge in 'The Friend'; yet while Mr. Hamerton quotes Littré and Webster on the Creative Imagination, he does not mention Coleridge. Scattered through the present book are many practical hints which amateurs and even artists would do well to take note of. Of the illustrations it may be said, in general, that there is little reference to them in the text, and they do not help, of themselves, to elucidate the subject. Many of them are mezzotints, and some of these show the peculiar sooty obscurity of impressions from somewhat worn plates, such as those of Poussin's 'Phocion' and Turner's 'Val d'Aosta.' Others are fine examples of what may be done in process work with the aid of etching. Of etching, pure and simple, there is a good example, by Chaddock; and there are several steel-engravings, of which the best is 'A Midsummer Night's Dream,' a fisher-boy asleep, by Francis Holl, after P. F. Poole, which will please both artists and the public by its exquisite rendering of moonlight. The faults signalized above are in the plates, not in the printing, which is excellent. The paper, binding and general appearance leave nothing to be desired, and the book is a marvel of cheapness in the ordinary edition, which costs only \$6.50. There is also a large paper edition, limited to seventy-five copies, with proof-impressions of the plates, the price of which, bound in half morocco, is four guineas, to which, we presume, must be added the cost of importation, for it does not appear that it is published here.

Kenyon Cox's "The Blessed Damozel."

ONE by one, our younger figure-painters are availing themselves of the opportunities given them by those enterprising publishers who, more as a matter of professional pride than of business, bring out, from time to time, an especially sumptuous edition of some famous poem. Last year the Lippincotts gave Will H. Low the chance to send his name down to future ages in company with that of Keats; the year before, Houghton, Mifflin & Co. made Elihu Vedder as well known as Omar Khayyam, to say nothing of Omar's translator. This year it is Dodd, Mead & Co., who have enabled Kenyon Cox to display his ability as a draughtsman and designer beside some of Rossetti's most popular verses. Mr. Cox dedicates his work, which will prove a pleasant surprise even to his friends, to Mr. Low, who is one of them. They comprise twenty drawings, many of large size, reproduced in photogravure, and a number of initial letters in pen-and-ink, which show a surprising fertility of invention, as well as other meritorious qualities. In general, the spirit of the poem, more healthy in tone than most of Rossetti's work, is fairly caught, though it is especially in the smaller drawings that Mr. Cox's genius would be best suited if required to illustrate something frankly pagan, like 'Lamia,' or even something purely modern, if only it allowed of the introduction of the nude. For it must be said, without disparagement of his other designs, that those in which he has been able to use the undraped figure are far the best, and appear to have been done with most pleasure. This is the more evident because the poem, with all its archaic affectations and subdued sensualism, calls for nothing of the sort. The best plate in the book, for instance, that of the singing stars, which reminds one a little of Clodion's group of the graces, illustrates but a chance allusion of the poet to the time 'when the stars sang in their spheres.' There is, again, a determined modernism, which some will find shocking, in his depicting the lover, in plate 33, in undershirt and drawers, as the nearest approach which could be made, under the circumstances, to nudity. In plates 37 and 41, the same lover looks much more like a youthful member of the New York Athletic Club than a leader in the choirs of heaven. All this is not out of keeping with Rossetti's usual manner, though not required or suggested by the present poem. We refer to it merely as showing that Mr. Cox has hardly yet found the task that is exactly suited to his abilities.

Yet several of these drawings must be allowed to be successful even as illustrations of the poem. The picture of the Blessed Damozel in plate 13 shows, at least, an intelligent choice of model; there is a pleasant, Madonna-like simplicity of expression and gesture in plate 49; and the designs of the initials, already referred to, are full of quaint symbolic meanings quite in keeping with the verses. The compositions, are in most cases, full, compact, free from embarrassing accessories, and free also, we are glad to observe, from the angular lines which Mr. Cox has often heretofore

affected. The book will go far toward establishing a reputation which, we do not doubt, will be confirmed and increased by future work. Mrs. Schuyler van Rensselaer contributes an appendix in which the value of the poem as a subject of illustration and the merits of Mr. Cox's illustrative drawings are discussed. It is bound in orange cloth, with a stamped design in gold, and reaches the buyer in a velvet-lined box. It is large and heavy, and should be deposited, flat, on a lower shelf of the bookcase, or on the library table.

Abbey's "She Stoops to Conquer."

MR. ABBEY's illustrations to Goldsmith's comedy, published by Harper & Bros., are an advance upon the same artist's designs to Herrick's poems, published by the same house a few years ago; and this for the excellent reason that Mr. Abbey's humor has more in common this time with that of his author. In fact, if Goldsmith could be illustrated, which he cannot, any more than he can be translated or imitated, Abbey would be just the man to do it. As it is, there are few who will not be glad to note his readings of the characters of Tony Lumpkin, Miss Hardcastle and Miss Neville and all the other engaging people in the play, while few, perhaps, will fully accept them. On all hands it will be admitted that he has thrown all previous illustrators of Goldsmith completely into the shade. The drawings of Tony and the Landlord (page 44), of Hardcastle and the servants (page 49), of Dorothy and the Cook-maid (page 61), and of Tony and Miss Neville (page 78), would be sufficient to prove this, without taking the larger plates into consideration. Some of these, it must be said, are hardly successful, giving little of the qualities which make the drawings valuable. The pen-drawings, as reproduced, have a somewhat scratchy and broken look, and those in India-ink or in *gouache* are too flat and blurred, the more delicate half-tones having been lost. This would seem to be due in part to the quality of the ink used, but mainly, we should judge, to defective presswork. Even of the smaller drawings, most were better printed in *Harper's Monthly*, where they made their first appearance. There are other marks of want of consideration about the make-up of the book. Thus, through about half of the first act, the vignettes are printed on one side of the page, the text upon the other. This arrangement having been found unsatisfactory, and having been abandoned for the rest of the book, these first sheets should have been destroyed, and the whole work made to correspond. It should be said that as far as the wood-engravings are concerned, both those in *fac-simile* and those done from wash-drawings are excellent.

Besides the numerous designs by Mr. Abbey, there are several of an ornamental character by Alfred Parsons, which are, in their way, equally good, and which have suffered less in reproduction and in printing. The pansies that border the dedication to Samuel Johnson, L.L.D., and the primroses that head the introduction by Austin Dobson, have much of the freshness of the natural flowers. The title, with its shield and its sprays of wild roses, is like a carving by Grinling Gibbons, and the numerous conventional head-and-tail-pieces remind one of Hogarth's designs when he was apprenticed to a silversmith in the Strand, though they have a freedom and dash which are not quite of that period. The book is handsomely bound in leather of the natural tint, stamped with an appropriate design in gold.

"The Lay of the Last Minstrel."

SCOTT's famous poem has been added by Ticknor & Co. to their series of holiday books, which already includes their illustrated editions of 'Lucile' and 'Marmion.' 'The Lay of the Last Minstrel' is issued in considerably larger size than these, which gives an opportunity for some fine full-page drawings by St. John Harper, most of them very well engraved by Andrews. We would mention especially that (page 100) in which Fair Margaret watches from the turret while the signal-fire is smoking on the distant mountain-side, and the lake is gleaming under the evening sky. In this, the engraver has spoiled the expression of the face and rendered the drapery rather clumsily, but the sentiment of the whole is well kept. The frontispiece, also by Harper and Andrews, is more satisfactory from the mechanical point of view, and that of the group of pilgrims (page 199) is excellent in all respects. Very good work has been done by both artist and engraver in the picture of the lovers under the hawthorn (page 71). The engraving of textures in the draperies and the grass and foliage is especially satisfactory, and the expressions of the faces are faithfully rendered. G. E. Johnson is to be credited with some intelligent work in the picture showing the death by lightning of the malicious dwarf, who cuts such an interesting figure in the poem—and such a ridiculous one, we may add, in the pen-and-ink sketches of E. H. Garrett. Mr. Garrett redeems himself, however, in two spirited vignettes

illustrating the adventure of the young heir of Buccleuch with the archer. There is a large number of landscape engravings of varying merit, among which may be mentioned Meyrick's drawing of Melrose Abbey (page 52) a wood interior, unsigned (page 90), the drawing of Kirkwall (page 190), and Roslyn Castle (page 193). Numerous head- and tail-pieces in pen and ink are pretty and more or less appropriate. From this encomium, however, must be excepted those done by Mr. Ipsen, in his usual hard and ungraceful manner. The design of the cover, in black, red and gold, adds nothing to the attractiveness of the book, which is nevertheless what the publishers claim it to be—a good 'parlor-table book.' It is issued in three different styles: in cloth, with box, at \$6.00; in calf or 'antique morocco,' \$10; and in crushed levant, \$25.00.

"Days with Sir Roger de Coverley."

THERE is something of the sly humor of Steele and of Addison's delicacy of touch in Hugh Thomson's illustrations to 'Days with Sir Roger de Coverley,' published by Macmillan & Co. (\$2.) They appear to have been done with pen and ink, or with a hard pencil point, and have been engraved on wood with the precision which our American engravers have almost lost since actinic engraving came into favor. There is a certain crispness in work so done which is not all due to the artist; but he, to succeed in this way, must have qualities which are becoming uncommon, even in England, but which Mr. Thompson seems to possess in an eminent degree. The picture of Sir Roger walking up hill, beside his coach, or page 1; that of Will Wimble in the hunting-field, the pack of hounds in full cry in the distance; and that of the Knight's ancestor making love after a fashion of his own invention, are full of observation and of humorous meaning. The portrait of Sir Roger in the picture on page 17 is as if it were done from life, and all his old acquaintances will recognize him at a glance. Sir Roger puzzled by the widow (page 47) and viewing the inn-keeper's sign (page 71) show that the artist has studied his character from every point of view. He is as happy with dogs as with men. The 'old hound of reputation' and the 'noted liar' (page 59) are excellent, as good in their way as 'the Spectator in Town' who brings up the rear of the series (page 82) is in his.

"The Good Things of Life."

THIS is the third series of good things from the pages of our comic contemporary *Life*, which White, Stokes and Allen have selected to make a most enjoyable holiday book. On its sixty-four pages are portrayed the doings of the youth of the period; of the fashionable Mrs. Follibud; of Count Dollcenti, whose father gave (barrel) organ matinees in New York, twenty years ago; of Mr. St. John, who scared up seven partridges but did not shoot, because he had his sniping suit on, you know; of Bridget, who has been told to 'draw the goose' and exhibits a neatly executed caricature of the bird to her æsthetic mistress; and of many other curious and whimsical creatures. Newell's little darkies, Van Schaick's fashionables, McVicar's æsthetes and Herford's quaintly-comic animal sketches furnish an unflinching fund of amusement, in which there is nothing vulgar, malicious, or personal. From the captivating title to Kemble's Patent Combination No. 9, at the end, the book is full of matter for laughter—laughter which need provoke no one's ire. It is bound in a neat cover of dark blue cloth, lettered in gold and black, and stamped with a group of Arcadian shepherds and shepherdesses to denote the innocent nature of the good things within. These are well printed, on heavy, toned paper, gilt edged, and in every way worthy of them and of their witty and genial authors.

Tom Hood's "Fair Ines."

THOMAS HOOD's sentimental ditty 'Fair Ines' has been selected by W. St. John Harper and W. F. Freer to furnish motives for a holiday book of pictures published by Estes & Lauriat. The six stanzas are illustrated in four full-page woodcuts and fourteen smaller engravings, which, as may be supposed, leave few available subjects untouched. Fair Ines is shown as a pretty American girl of Southern type on page 1; as a damsel in Elizabethan dress enchained by Cupids in the frontispiece; accompanied by a cavalier in the illustrations to the second stanza; as a Northern girl in another picture; and as a practical young woman, throwing her withered bouquets overboard, in the last but one. The artist's conceptions are all pretty, whether pensive or merry, dark or fair; and full justice has, as a rule, been done to them by the engravers, whose names do not appear. Perhaps Mr. Harper's ideal will meet with most approval. Besides the figure-subjects, there are several bits of imaginative landscape, and a few ornamental vignettes.

Lossing's "History of New York City."

THE *édition de luxe* of Lossing's 'History of New York City,' published by A. S. Barnes & Co., makes two large folio volumes printed on heavy tinted paper, with meadows of margin to rivulets of text, and profusely illustrated with highly-finished steel-plates of portraits and views of parks and public and private buildings. The engravings are by G. E. Perrine, from India-ink drawings; these, in the case of the portraits, being made from the best obtainable originals, and in the case of buildings now in existence, from the buildings themselves. Among the persons and places represented are De Witt Clinton, Cornelius Vanderbilt (from the portrait in the Grand Central Dépôt), William E. Dodge, John Jacob Astor, Hamilton Fish, Dr. Valentine Mott, and views of Fraunce's Tavern, the Masonic Hall in 1830, the old City Hall, Trinity Church, etc. The author says of the work that it is essentially a social history of New York, no attempt having been made to give details of the commerce, finances, mechanic arts and manufactures of the city. An account of its growth in area from time to time, the transformations in the aspects of society and politics, and brief biographical sketches of those citizens whose portraits appear, are to be found in it, and much other information of a general character concerning chiefly the social side of city affairs. Two hundred and fifty copies of this edition are printed. The price is \$125 per copy, which may be advanced at any time.

"Pearls."

THIS is a collection of short poems and extracts from longer ones concerning love, fancy, flowers, reflection, wit and humor, done up in five small volumes, bound in blue damask and packed in a gilt box which will fit easily into a coat-pocket, so that one may carry a whole library about with him. The main difficulty in making a selection of this sort is to avoid including what is too well-known while giving a sufficient number of general favorites. Perhaps it may be said that it has been at least grappled with by the editor; for a large proportion of the extracts are credited to Anon., while others are from the Arabic, from the Spanish Romancero General, from the Russian and other recondite sources. On the other hand, many famous names, from Shakspeare, Herrick, Heine and Burns, down to Algernon Swinburne and Elaine Goodale, are more or less well-represented. One might object that there is too much of W. S. Gilbert, whose connection with wit or humor it would be hard to discover from the specimens given of his work, and that some of the translations are of the poorest; but it is impossible that such a collection should be wholly satisfactory. It might, however, be more free from printer's errors. (G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$2.50.)

"Last Days of Marie Antoinette."

LORD RONALD GOWER, who is, perhaps, the most acceptable recent addition to the list of royal and noble authors, has written, and Roberts Bros. have published, an account of the prison-life of the unfortunate Queen of France, whose worst fault, according to the present chronicler, was that she mixed in politics, where women are ever mischievous, he thinks. The patience and courage which she displayed amid her trials, and which made up for her pernicious political activity and for the frivolity of her earlier days, are dwelt upon, and her firmness in her last moments is brought out without exaggeration or unnecessary emphasis. There is nothing new in Lord Ronald's presentation of the story, but it is the best that it has had in English, and deserves a permanent place on even a moderately-stocked shelf. Roberts Bros. have printed it on fine *papier vergé*, with liberal margins, and it is adorned with a portrait taken from a miniature in the collection of the Prince d'Arenberg, at Brussels. The edition is limited to 483 numbered copies, and the price, per copy, is four dollars.

"Home Fairies and Heart Flowers."

FRANK FRENCH has had the charming idea of making a collection of children's faces, photographed by artists like Sarony and Cox, and to reproduce them, accompanied by sketches of flowers, etc., in wood-engraving. The series has run through *Harper's Young People* for the last year or so, and is now published by the Harpers in book form, with poems by Margaret E. Sangster and additional designs as borders to the poems. The baby heads include many types, taken not only from the Caucasian but from all races. The floral embellishments are beautifully drawn and engraved, and the poems are suitable in matter and in style. The little fellow in the nautilus' shell, with a background of lilies of the valley, who occupies the top of the page over the table of contents, gives a good notion of the general nature of the cuts, which are done in the most straightforward way, with only such use of the

white line as will be admitted to be 'legitimate' by all engravers. The smaller cuts of fairies and flowers embodied in the text and done in *fac-simile* show, also, a preference for simple and easily-understood means over the refinements of the extreme modern school of wood-engraving. Mr. French supplies a graceful preface, which shows that he can handle the pen as well as the brush and the graver. The cover is in yellow, with a design of three children's heads in gold, and a colored spray of purple water-lilies.

Hugo's "Les Misérables."

A LARGE number of French illustrations to Victor Hugo's masterpiece, 'Les Misérables,' most of which have seen a good deal of service, have been collected by George Routledge & Sons to decorate a new English edition, and, being uncommonly well printed on good paper, they look much better than might be expected. They include designs by De Neuville, Morin, Valnay, Doré and others, engraved by Meaulle, Scott and others of the foremost French wood-engravers. They are very numerous, and of all sizes and styles. The work will appear in five volumes, of which the first, 'Fantine,' has reached us. The price per volume is \$3.

Scott's "Christmas in the Olden Time."

MISTLETOE sprays in white and red, a flaming plum-pudding in black and gold and holly-leaves and berries in all three colors appropriately ornament the cover within which Harry Fenn, Henry Sandham, Childe Hassam, J. Steeple Davis, George A. Tell, H. P. Barnes and Edmund H. Garrett illustrate Sir Walter Scott's 'Christmas in the Olden Time.' The book is published by Cassell & Co. The drawings are mostly framed by pretty designs of holly-branches, fireplace-tiles, burning yule-logs, and the like, printed in colored inks. They are, themselves, of a high order of merit, and have been exceptionally well engraved. They represent such subjects as old-time masques and mummeries, Christmas carollers, banquetings, and other high jinks with which the festival was kept in former days.

Books for the Young.

Ashton's "Romances of Chivalry."

OF THE countless mediæval romances that have come down to us in manuscript or in early printed books, only those connected with King Arthur, Ossian and Charlemagne, which have furnished materials for modern poets to work over, can be said to be generally known. Mr. John Ashton, Author of 'Social Life in the Reign of Queen Anne' and other books of a more pronounced antiquarian flavor, has gathered together a number of Early English versions of the minor romances, whether of French or English origin, and modernizing and condensing wherever it seemed necessary, presents them to readers of to-day—illustrated with woodcuts fac-similied by himself from the original illustrations—through the publishing-house of G. P. Putnam's Sons. These tales were, properly, the novels, not the histories, of the Thirteenth, Fourteenth and Fifteenth Centuries, and most of them have never before been edited so as to make them acceptable to the ordinary modern reader. They are as full of curious information about the manners and customs of Western Europe at that period as the Greek romances like Daphnis and Chloe are of late classic times, or 'The Thousand and One Nights' of Eastern life at about the same period. Herein consists their principal interest; for, as stories, they are rather tedious even in the abbreviated form to which they are reduced by Mr. Ashton, and only a confirmed myth-hunter will try to connect them with the early tales from which they have undoubtedly sprung. The most remarkable single fact about the collection is the pronounced superiority of the French versions as to literary form, even though seen through an Early English translation. The French woodcuts, too, of the Fifteenth Century are quaint and even graceful, while the others are rude and clumsy. The volume contains the story of Melusine, the fairy progenitor of the family of Lusignan which gave kings to Jerusalem and Cyprus, translated from the old French version of Jean d'Arras, and illustrated with woodcuts copied from those of the quarto edition of Tholosa, 1489. The tale of Sir Bevis of Hampton; of the Squire of Low Degree, who was in love with the daughter of the King of Hungary; the universally-popular tale of the Knight of the Swan, of which there are versions in all Northern tongues, this being from a book in the British Museum printed by Copland, though the cuts, at least about half of them, are plainly French. Our old friends Valentine and Orson come out of another of Copland's books; and Sir Eglamour of Artoys is from one printed by John Walley in 1570. Guy of Warwick, Robert the Devil and a rather stupid version of the German tale of *Uhlenspiegel*, called here *Howleglas*, are given; and also the stories

of Sir Isumbras and Sir Degore, or Diggory—both, presumably, of English origin. (\$5.)

"Blue-Jackets of '61."

THE naval operations of the Civil War, while far less important than those of the land forces, are, on account of their episodic character, perhaps better suited to furnish matter for an exciting book of adventure. Such is, in the main, the nature of Willis J. Abbot's 'Blue-Jackets of '61,' published by Dodd, Mead & Co. The book has, of course, a considerable historical interest; but it is as a collection of true tales of valor and patriotism that it will be most valued and oftenest referred to. Mr. Abbot begins at the beginning with a comparative description of the naval strength of the contestants. It was, on both sides, very inconsiderable, the South being, of course, the worse off, as the Southern States had never done much ship-building, and were without a navy or the means to create one. The author gives the Confederates the praise which is their due for the wonderful record they made in such adverse circumstances. The creation of the first ironclad rams out of Mississippi steamboats was a stroke of genius second to none in the annals of naval warfare. But the North, considering the magnitude of the task in hand, was at first almost as ill-provided; and the stories of the ingenuity and heroism by which our deficiencies were made good, many of them household words, are excellently told by Mr. Abbot. Even now they make exciting reading. The burning of the Norfolk navy yard; the exploits of the 'French Lady,' Captain Thomas, and of the Congressmen who captured a Confederate howitzer-boat, lead to the story of the Sumter, which is repeated at great length. The bombardment of Fort Hatteras, the Trent affair, the disasters in Albemarle Sound, and the capture of Roanoke Island are among the earlier events of the War, which, as narrated, make a background for the daring feats of individuals like Lieutenant Cushing. The history of the blockade-runners and of the cruisers whose work it was to capture and destroy them fills a chapter. The construction of the Monitor and the duel between her and the Merrimac; the work of the river gunboats at Island No. 10; the careers of the Confederate privateers Alabama, Shenandoah and Nashville; the capture of New Orleans and the surrender of Vicksburg are but a few of the great events retold from the point of view of the sailors who took part in them, with an abundance of incidents which, if not absolutely new, will doubtless seem so at this date to a multitude of readers.

The book is very fully illustrated, though not in the best manner. The Ives process cuts which are used for the principal plates, though evidently made after inartistic drawings, can be praised for the progress which they show in the matter of the reproduction of rather delicate tints and gradations. McVickar's excellent pen-drawings—used as head-pieces to the chapters—brighten the appearance of the book a good deal; and a limited number of old wood-cuts, introduced only where they are manifestly appropriate, have almost the interest that would attach to so many original historical documents. The cover, in blue and grey canvas with a sail and cordage outlined upon it in gold, is one of the neatest things in the way of a symbolical binding that we have seen in a long time. The book has over 600 pages; and, with the exception of the illustrations above specified, is excellently gotten up. (\$3.)

A Boys' and Girls' Book of Sports.

'THE BOOK OF SPORTS and Out-door Life,' edited by Maurice Thompson and published by The Century Co. (\$2.50), is a complete encyclopædia of all that a boy most wishes to know. The opening story of Marvin and his boy-hunters, by the editor, teaches how to handle a gun and how to use it against bears, woodcock, quails and panthers. It gives, in a lively way, pictures of Southern camping-scenes and life in the mountains and along the Florida Coast, and it is followed by some hints on trap-shooting—that is to say, shooting for practice, or to try one's skill, at glass balls or clay pigeons thrown from a trap—and by a paper on fly-fishing for black bass, which gives serviceable rules about flies, silk-gut and wading stockings—the latter intended for girls. Black bass may be caught almost anywhere, but trout-streams are rarer; still there are many places where this book will go that contain good trout-books; and, following the editor, Ripley Hitchcock tells, in an interesting essay, how to fish for them. Mr. Hitchcock has 'figured' the trout down 'pretty fine,' and finds that he is a fickle and changeable, a greedy and gullible, and altogether a fascinating creature to play with and circumvent. But he naturally prefers the salmon, which he treats of in another paper, just as he prefers a salmon-river to a trout-stream. He seems to have a special liking for the grilse or salmon on its first return from salt water, it being then a more frolicsome fish than on the second, when it is fully developed. Two papers on archery by the editor are followed by one on small boats, telling

how to rig and sail them, by Charles Ledyard Norton, and by other papers on boats, rafts and catamarans. 'How to Camp Out' is told by Dan Beard, Maurice Thompson and Elizabeth Balch; and then comes a 'Talk about Swimming,' by the late Dr. Sanford B. Hunt, which gives the most judicious instructions, in the plainest language, about diving, floating, treading-water and fighting an undertow, together with advice as to the treatment of drowning persons. Walking and riding are treated of by Charles M. Skinner, of the Brooklyn *Eagle*; the 'Amateur Camera' by Alexander Black, of the Brooklyn *Times*; and winter sports, including tobogganning, ice-yachting and fish-spearing, by Frederic G. Mather and others. A number of short papers on base-ball, muskalonge fishing and rabbit-hunting finish the volume. The illustrations are mostly from *The Century* and *St. Nicholas*, and are far better than the average of those commonly used in books for boys. Those to the essay on swimming, drawn by Kelly, are especially admirable; but Sheppard's illustrations to the opening story, Beard's pictures of quail and 'Bob White,' and Tracy's dogs are also good, true and beautiful. There are some things which are unintentionally funny, as when Held's pretty picture of a dark wood, without even a suggestion of a figure in it, is put in to illustrate the sentence, 'There came from the woods a wild shriek;' and others which are meant to be funny and are so, like Sheppard's 'Oh, Massa, Oh, I's killed!' Sandham's pictures of salmon-fishing and Burns's of ice-boating should not be overlooked. In short, both boys and girls, old and young will turn from text to pictures and from pictures to text many times before they grow tired of the book; and if they will only put some of its recommendations in practice, they will never grow tired of it.

"St. Nicholas."

IT IS NOT the fault of the magazine makers if American youngsters are not, one and all, spoiled children. Such a feast of all sorts of good things, pictorial, poetical, scientific and ludicrous, is set before them in *St. Nicholas*, *Wide Awake* and *Harper's Young People*, that we sometimes fear for their intellectual digestions, so to speak. It is, perhaps, safer to give them the bound volumes at once, about Christmas time, than to accustom them to such luxuries every month. At any rate the child is not to be pitied to whom *St. Nicholas* comes—as used to be the old saint's custom—but once a year. He bears, this time, his usual budget of stories, drawings, acrostics, charades, and sketches of travel, of history and of natural history. To particularize, there are Frank R. Stockton's descriptions of European scenes, the great game of bowling with soap-bubbles, illustrated by Adelia B. Beard; 'When Shakspeare was a Boy,' with drawings by Alfred Parsons; 'The Wonders of the Alphabet,' by Henry Eckford; and many other wonderful things. All is of the best, and if there be not too much of everything and too great a variety, we do not know what else can be said against it.

"Our Little Ones."

IN SIZE and general make-up *Our Little Ones* commends itself above all other children's magazines. It is not necessary to lay it upon table or desk to read, and no one needs grow flat-chested over it. Still, the page is large enough to give free play to the artist's fancy and to admit of the use of good-sized type. The paper is smooth and of a pleasant tint, and shows off the clever pictures by Brennan, Sandham, Frazer, Jessie McDermott and others to good advantage. The literary contributions, too, are short and bright and not above a child's comprehension. They have nothing of the air of having been ground out by machinery, or of being made instructive on purpose to please the big people who buy the books rather than the little ones who are expected to read them. It appears to furnish fun for the editors, writers and artists, as well as for the children, and we hope it does. The annual volume costs \$1.75.

"Harper's Young People."

Harper's Young People makes a rather bulky volume at the end of the year, but few would wish to decrease its size by omitting any of its contents. Among these we may mention Stoddard's 'Story of Two Arrows,' with Fanny's illustrations; Bellevue's pictorial 'Lessons in Language'; Newell's scenes from boy life; H. McDermott's and F. S. Church's fanciful drawings; and Sophie Herrick's papers on geology. Sarah Cooper tells all about flying fishes, sea-horses, sun-fish and stickle-back, and C. Barnes about the Boy, the Billy and the Ash-Box. Allan Forman relates Mr. Thompson's experience with some New Jersey mosquitoes, and Col. Theodore A. Dodge his own experience with horses. There are puzzles from Paris, pictures from Peltville, and letters from all over creation.

Notes

COL. T. W. HIGGINSON has written a paper on the higher education of women in the United States, showing what facilities have been offered to female students in this country, and to what extent they have taken advantage of them. It is called 'The American Girl Graduate,' and will occupy the leading position in next week's issue of THE CRITIC.

—To-day's issue of THE CRITIC consists of forty pages. The corresponding number last year—the largest ever printed before—contained but thirty-six. An edition of over 14,000 copies has been printed, and will reach at least 70,000 readers. It has been our object to make this number of the paper a complete and satisfactory guide through the vast field of holiday literature; and the reader who desires further and fuller information concerning the immense number of new publications issued this fall than can be found in our review columns, has only to turn to our advertising pages to obtain it. Several notices of holiday books and books for the young have been crowded out of this number but will appear next week.

—The interesting paper on 'Mexican Literature,' published in our last number, will be reprinted in the Scribners' forthcoming new edition of Mr. Janvier's 'Mexican Guide.'

—'The Heart of the Weed,' a volume of poetry which Houghton, Mifflin & Co. have in press, is so thoroughly anonymous that no one at their office knows who wrote it. Publication of Mr. Lowell's 'Democracy, and Other Addresses,' which will contain his Harvard Oration, is postponed.

—Matthew Arnold will contribute to the first number of the new *Murray Magazine*, which his nephew is to edit.

—The *Tribune* says that Mr. Gosse's servants have given notice of their intention to leave his service, because of the insults to which they have been subjected by their fellow menials on account of *The Quarterly Review's* attack upon their master!

—'Under Blue Skies' is the attractive title of an 'art-juvenile' to be issued at once by the Worthington Co. Forty-eight water-colors and monotone illustrations of incidents of American childhood are accompanied by as many poems, both pictures and verses being the work of Mrs. S. J. Brigham.

—Among D. Lothrop & Co.'s new issues for popular reading is 'The Tsar and the Nihilist,' by the Rev. Dr. J. M. Buckley—an illustrated octavo of recent travel.

—Prof. Huxley has written for *The Youth's Companion* three papers, which he calls 'A Study in the Evolution of House-Building.' Gen. Francis A. Walker has written some valuable articles for the *Companion* on 'Trade Schools for Boys.' Travel and Adventure will be represented in the coming volume by Lieut. Schwatka, C. F. Holder, Wm. T. Hornaday, S. S. Cox, Col. T. W. Knox, W. H. Gilder and Lieut. Shufeldt.

—Ticknor & Co. published last Wednesday 'Agnes Surriage,' by E. L. Bynner; 'Count Xavier,' by Henry Greville; 'New Songs and Ballads,' by Nora Perry, and a new edition of the same author's 'After the Ball, and Other Poems;' and 'Mary Magdalene, and Other Poems,' by Mrs. Richard Greenough.

—Theodore Aubanel, one of the Provençal poets and a close friend of Mistral, is dead.

—The library of the late John B. Moreau, consisting largely of Americana and privately-printed books, many of them extra-illustrated, will be sold by Bangs & Co. on Dec. 1st and following days.

—Mr. W. H. Rideing has been engaged by Mr. S. S. McClure to write a series of articles for the latter's syndicate of newspapers on 'The Boyhood of Living Authors.' It will begin with Aldrich, Trowbridge, Stockton and Eggleston.

—The Historical Society of Pennsylvania gave a reception on the 11th inst., in Philadelphia, at which 150 persons were present, among whom were many distinguished Pennsylvanians from various parts of the State.

—Miss Murfree's 'In the Clouds,' which has been running in *The Atlantic*, is published in book form this week by Houghton, Mifflin & Co., together with a volume of short stories by Mrs. Whitney, printed under the title of 'Home-Spun Yarns' and 'Ariel and Caliban,' a volume of poems by C. P. Cranch. The same firm have in press a volume by Miss Caroline Hazard which will be a memorial of the late J. Lewis Diman, of Brown University. Miss Hazard's family were among the most intimate of Prof. Diman's friends when in Providence. Prof. Diman will be remembered especially as the author of 'The Theistic Argument,' and of a volume of orations and sermons edited by Prof. Fisher, of Yale College.

—Mrs. Louise Chandler Moulton thinks of elaborating the sketches she wrote for *Our Continent*, under the title of 'Our Society,' for publication in book form.

—Sir Arthur Sullivan's 'Golden Legend' is said to have repeated in London the triumph it achieved in Leeds. It is reported that Sir Arthur is engaged on a lyrical opera which is to be his *magnum opus*. He is also putting the finishing touches to the new operetta with Mr. Gilbert's words for the Savoy Theatre. The story deals with an Eastern subject. It will be produced in January.

—Announcement is made by Messrs. Holt of an American edition of the last two volumes of Symonds's 'Renaissance in Italy,' which treats of 'The Catholic Reaction.'—Mrs. Jessie Benton Frémont's 'Souvenirs of my Time' are to be published in book form by D. Lothrop & Co. They deal with the author's life in St. Louis, in the South, in California and Panama, and abroad.

—At the sale of the fourth part of the Brinley Library by George A. Leavitt & Co. last week, N. Q. Pope, of Brooklyn, secured the first edition of 'The Book of Mormon' for \$31. Joseph Smith's 'Doctrines and Covenants' brought \$16. 'The Conchologist's First Book,' by Edgar A. Poe, was sold for \$4; but T. J. McKee, of New York, gave \$150 for the second edition of Poe's poems. The same purchaser bought the first edition of Anne Bradstreet's poems for \$100. A collection of Joel Barlow's poems brought \$40. Increase Mather's sermon on 'The Wicked Man's Portion' was sold for \$39, and Cotton Mather's 'Wonders of the Invisible World' for \$32. A copy of 'The First New York Almanac,' edited and published by John Clapp, though it lacked a title and a last leaf, was sold for \$420. The net result of the sale of the whole Brinley Library is \$112,494.77.

—Owen Meredith (Lord Lytton) contributes a poem to the Thanksgiving *Independent*, and among the other contributors are Mr. Warner, Andrew Lang and James Payn.

—'A Reader' writes that, despite the good work Mr. Stockton has done, and his well-established reputation, she regards 'The Late Mrs. Null' as a failure. Protesting against the popularity of Dickens, she continues:—Is there a decent clergyman in his novels? They are all either hypocrites, or villains, or drunkards. What is his influence as to drinking? (His example was a warning.) His men are always drinking "brandy and water," and is not the very familiarity of such examples evil for young men? I took pains to count, once, in one of his books, and the average was a drink to a page, all the way through. This by actual count. Critics must look at books as they are, and at least look them over, good or bad. But for the rest of us, it is well to be in association, hours or days, with people whom we cannot respect, and whose influence is to lower our standard of truth and right. Even if they do us no harm, do they do us any good?

—The Industrial Education Association, of which Gen. Webb of the College of the City of New York is President and Miss Grace Dodge Vice-President, has taken possession of the old Union Theological Seminary Building, No. 9 University Place, remodelled the class rooms, and given an exhibition in its new quarters to the teachers in the public and private schools of the city, of what it has accomplished during the first two years of its existence. The chapel of the Seminary has been converted into a lecture-room, capable of seating about 300 persons. A course of free lectures to teachers on industrial education and kindred subjects is to be given on Saturday mornings in the lecture room; and the Association has also offered to the Board of Education to instruct without charge, during school hours, a number of the pupils of the public schools who may be selected. The idea is to promote the spread of these methods in the public school system. The course of lectures will be opened in January by President Gilman, of Johns Hopkins University.

—The announcements for the new volume of *Harper's Magazine* are particularly attractive. 'Narka,' by Kathleen O'Meara, a story of Russian life, dealing with despots and Nihilists, will be begun in the January number; 'April Hopes,' a serial by W. D. Howells, will be begun in the February number; and a humorous novelette in three parts, by Blanche Willis Howard, entitled 'Tony the Maid,' and short stories by other popular American writers are promised. Among the illustrated articles are those by Sir Edward Reed on 'The Navies of the Continent,' and Dr. Wheatley's on 'The New York Police Department.' Mr. Howells will contribute two descriptive papers, entitled 'A Swiss Sojourn,' illustrated by Reinhart; Archdeacon Farrar an article on 'America's Share in Westminster Abbey'; Theodore Child, an article on 'Parisian Duels'; Andrew Lang, an article on St. Andrews, and Elizabeth R. Pennell, an article on 'Venetian Boats,' illustrated by Joseph Pennell. All of these will be illustrated. Bishop John F. Hurst is

down for three papers on India, and Alice Wellington Rollins for one on Yellowstone Park, entitled 'The Three Teton,' and illustrated by Fenn, Graham and Weldon; Frank D. Millet promises two papers on 'Campaigning with the Cossacks'; Dr. Henry Lansdell a series on the Natives of Siberia; Ralph Meeker, two papers on 'Caucasus,' illustrated by Millet; and Dr. Joseph Thomson an article describing a 'Central Soudan Town.' In the art way there will be from E. A. Abbey three series of drawings illustrating Cowley's poem, 'The Wish,' and the popular songs 'Phyllida Flouts Me' and 'Kitty of Coleraine.' Alfred Parsons will contribute 'Avon Sketches,' and will continue his illustrations of Wordsworth's Sonnets. Articles on 'The Comédie Française,' 'Recent French Sculptors' and 'Limoges' will be contributed by Theo. Child, and a paper on 'Spanish Art' by Edward B. Prescott. A paper will be contributed by W. M. Laffan on 'Our Artists Resident Abroad' (Abbey, Boughton, Parsons, Reinhart and others), with portraits by Alma Tadema, Dagnan, Sargent, Charles Gregory and other artists. Henry James will contribute an illustrated paper on Mr. Sargent.

Publications Received.

Receipt of new publications is acknowledged in this column. Further notice of any work will depend upon its interest and importance. Where no address is given, the publication is issued in New York.

About, Edmond. Le Buste. 25c.	W. R. Jenkins.
Alton, Edmund. Among the Law Makers. \$2.50.	Chas. Scribner's Sons.
Barnard, F. Character Sketches from Thackeray. \$7.50.	Cassell & Co.
Beecher, H. W. The Beecher Book of Days. \$1.00.	Cassell & Co.
Blake, J. V. Essays. \$1.00.	Chicago: C. H. Kerr & Co.
Blake, J. V. Poems. \$1.00.	Chicago: C. H. Kerr & Co.
Braddon, M. E. Mohawks. 20c.	Harper & Bros.
Brinton, D. G. Ikonomatic Writing. Philadelphia: McCalla & Stavely.	
Brooks, A. The Life of Christ in the World. \$1.50.	Thomas Whitaker.
Buchanan, R. That Winter Night. 25c.	Harper & Bros.
Bynner, E. L. Agnes Surriage. Ticknor & Co.	
Cameron, V. L. Harry Raymond: His Adventures Among Pirates, Slavers and Cannibals. F. Warne & Co.	
Cameron, H. L. Pure Gold. 75c.	Phila.: J. B. Lippincott Co.
Captain Glazier and His Lake. Ivison, Blakeman, Taylor & Co.	
Cave, M. E. Drawing from Memory. \$1.75.	G. P. Putnam's Sons.
Champney, L. W. Three Vassar Girls on the Rhine. \$1.50.	Boston: Estes & Lauriat.
Clarke, E. Susanna Wesley. \$1.00.	Boston: Roberts Bros.
Clarke, H. Globe Dictionary. \$1.50.	Boston: Aldine Book Pub. Co.
Conway, W. M. Early Flemish Artists. \$2.50.	Macmillan & Co.
Corson, Hiram. An Introduction to the Study of Robert Browning's Poetry. \$1.50.	Boston: D. C. Heath & Co.
Daily Chimes. 50c.	Cassell & Co.
Delaborde, L. V. H. Engraving: Its Origin, Progress and History. \$2.00.	Cassell & Co.
Ellis, E. S. Down the Mississippi. \$1.25.	Cassell & Co.
Encyclopaedia Britannica. Ninth Edition. Volume XXI. Charles Scribner's Sons.	
Erckmann-Chatrian. L'Ami Fritz. 60c.	W. R. Jenkins.
Farinelli, A. The Death of Count Ugolino. London: Trubner & Co.	
Ferrier, David. The Functions of the Brain. \$4.00.	G. P. Putnam's Sons.
Fisher, G. P. Catholicity—True and False. 25c.	Chas. Scribner's Sons.
French, Frank. Home Fairies and Heart Flowers. Harper & Bros.	
Frithingham, O. B. Memoir of W. H. Channing. \$2.00.	Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.
Gilman, A. The Story of the Saracens. \$1.50.	G. P. Putnam's Sons.
Goethe, W. The Sorrows of Werther. \$1.75.	Boston: Bradlee Whidden.
Goldsmith, O. She Stoops to Conquer. Illustrated by E. A. Abbey. \$2.00.	Harper & Bros.
Greville, Henry. Count Xavier. Boston: Ticknor & Co.	
Hall, G. S. How to Teach Reading. Boston: D. C. Heath & Co.	
Haweis, H. R. Christ and Christianity. \$1.25.	Thos. Y. Crowell & Co.
Henry Ward Beecher Calendar. \$1.00.	Cassell & Co.
Housaye, Arsene. Philosophers and Actresses. \$4.00.	G. W. Dillingham.
Hugo, Victor. Les Misérables. Vol. I. Fantine. \$3.00.	George Routledge & Sons.
Hunt, E. M. Principles of Hygiene. 90c.	Ivison, Blakeman, Taylor & Co.
J. S. of Dale. The Sentimental Calendar. \$2.00.	Chas. Scribner's Sons.
Jackson, Helen. Sonnets and Lyrics. \$1.00.	Boston: Roberts Bros.
Jones, Cupid. The Crazy History of the U. S. 50c.	G. W. Dillingham.
Kari. Madame Tabb's Establishment. \$1.25.	Macmillan & Co.
Laufrey, P. The History of Napoleon the First. 4 vols. \$9.00.	Macmillan & Co.
Latbury, M. A. From Meadow Sweet to Mistletoe. \$2.50.	Worthington Co.
Lewis, M. G. The Bravo of Venice. 10c.	Cassell & Co.
Lewis, A. J. Conjurer Dick. F. Warne & Co.	
Madoc, Fayr. Margaret Jerminie. \$1.00.	Macmillan & Co.
McConnell, A. B. Half Married. \$1.25.	Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co.
Meredith, Owen. The Earl's Return. \$6.00.	Boston: Estes & Lauriat.
Molesworth, Mrs. Four Winds Farm. \$1.25.	Macmillan & Co.
Morris, E. P. The Study of Latin. Boston: D. C. Heath & Co.	
Moses, Bernard. Imperial Germany. Berkeley, Cal.	
Norton, C. E. Early Letters of Thomas Carlyle. \$2.25.	Macmillan & Co.
Ogilvie's Popular Reading. No. 36. 30c.	J. S. Ogilvie & Co.
Paul, Howard. Smart Sayings of Bright Children. \$1.00.	G. W. Dillingham.
Pennell, J. & E. R. Two Pilgrims' Progress. \$2.00.	Boston: Roberts Bros.
Read, T. B. The Closing Scene. \$3.00.	Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co.
Richardson, C. F. American Literature. \$3.00.	G. P. Putnam's Sons.
Scott, Sir Walter. Christmas in the Olden Times. \$4.00.	Cassell & Co.
Smith, H. A. One Hundred Famous Americans. \$1.50.	George Routledge & Sons.
Smyth, N. The Morality of the Old Testament. 40c.	Cassell & Co.
Sprattley & Willisson. Confessions of Two. G. W. Dillingham.	
Stewart, Aubrey. The Tale of Troy. \$1.25.	Macmillan & Co.
The Imitators: A Poem of Boston Life. \$1.25.	Boston: Cupples, Upham & Co.
Thomas, I. Cannibals and Convicts. \$2.00.	Cassell & Co.
Thorne, W. H. Modern Idols: Studies in Biography and Criticism. \$1.00.	Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co.
Tile Club. The Book of the. \$2.50.	Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.
Toland, M. B. M. Ægle and the Elf. \$2.00.	Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co.
Towards the Gulf. Harper & Bros.	
Wheatley, H. B. How to Form a Library. \$1.25.	A. C. Armstrong & Son.
Woolson, C. F. Rodman the Keeper. Harper & Bros.	
Young America. 75c.	Boston: Aldine Book Publishing Co.